

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

**PORN IN
PRISON:
TWO IN THE
CLINK AND ONE
IN THE STINK**

CLOTHING DESIGNER
NEEK LURK GETS ANTISOCIAL

IS ETHAN HAWKE
ALLERGIC TO MONEY?

BOBA FETISH:
LOVE THEM COSPLAY GIRLS

COVER
GIRL

**MIA
MALKOVA**

**GETS THE BLOOD
FLOWING TO OUR
HALLOWEENIES**

**THE
MISCHIEF
ISSUE**

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OCTOBER 2016



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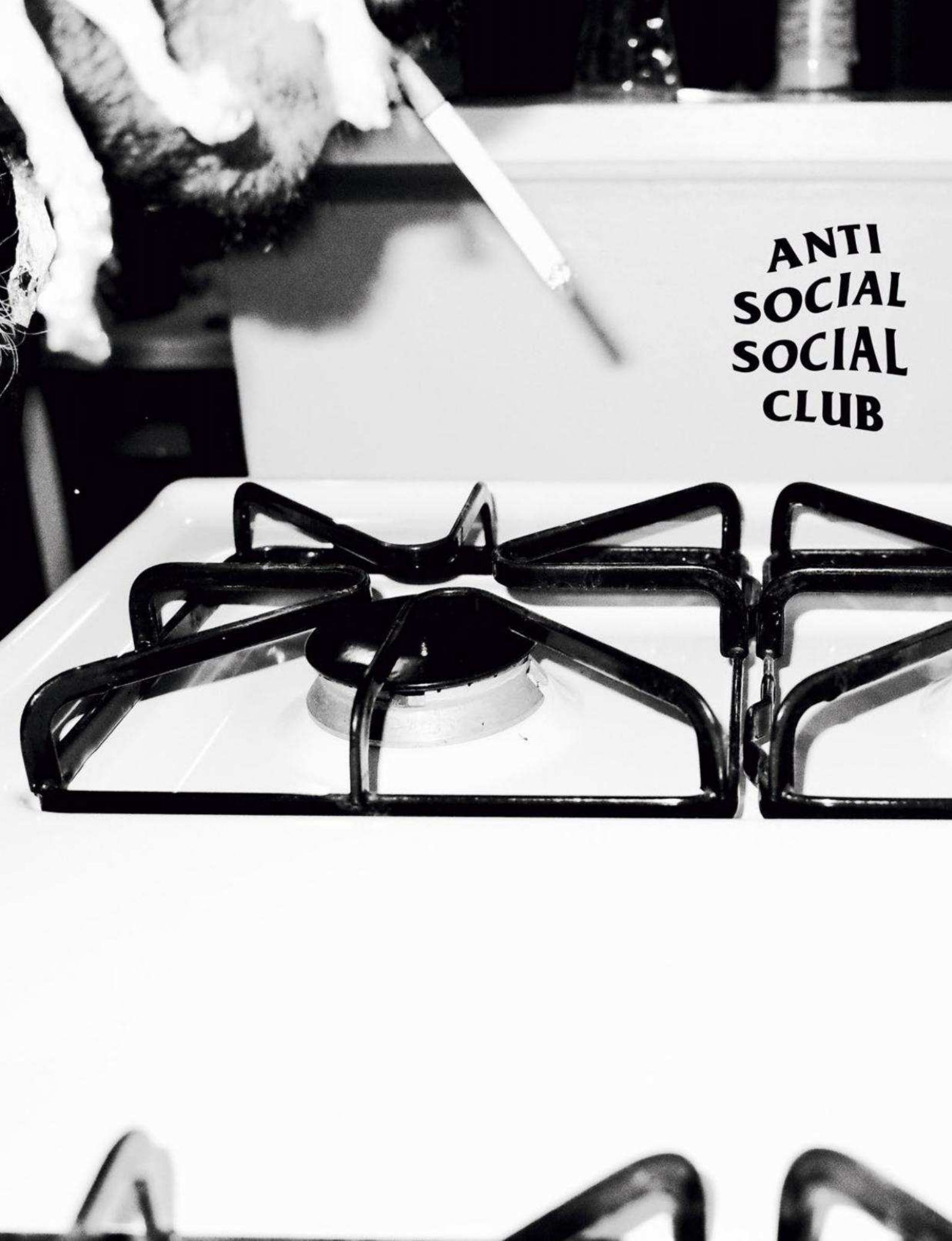
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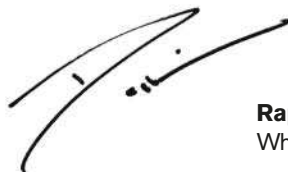
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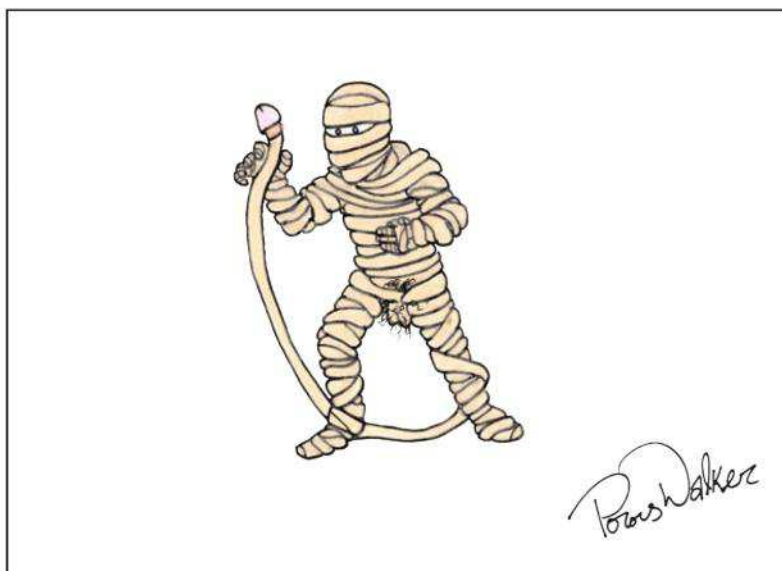
FROM THE EDITOR

NEVER went trick-or-treating as a kid—something about growing up in an Orthodox Jewish household. (It's strange, because I can't think of an activity *more* Jewish than exploiting opportunities to get free shit...even if it is *just candy*.) I always loved Halloween though, and I would spend my time hatching devious ways of scaring the living bejesus out of my candy-hungry neighbors (scary mask, fake axe, fake blood, bushes in the driveway). I didn't fully grasp the magic of Halloween, however, until I was in college. One year, I dressed up like Edward Scissorhands and, thanks to a future aesthetician living in my dorm; my costume game was on point. So, I decided to stay in character for the whole night: pathologically shy, mute, innocent, naïve, affected. It was awesome. My costume had struck a chord amongst the tender, doe-eyed college coeds who doted on me (and protected precious Edward) well into the wee hours of the night. One girl (dressed as a sexy *candy raver*) ran across a crowded, beer-soaked sorority house common room, pushed her way past my female "protectors," placed both of her hands on my shoulders, looked into my eyes for a moment, and squealed, "Oh, Edward. It really is you," then jammed her sweet-from-a-cherry-Ring-Pop tongue down my throat before being pulled away by my self-appointed girl gang of bouncers. Yup. I love Halloween.



Raphie Aronowitz

WhatTheFuck@Penthouse.com



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52: MIA MALKOVA

Our October Pet of the month gets the blood flowing straight to our Halloweenies.

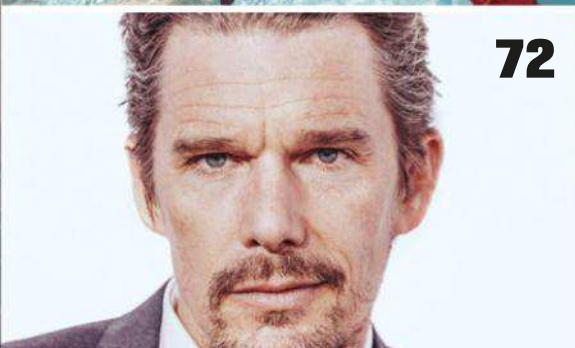




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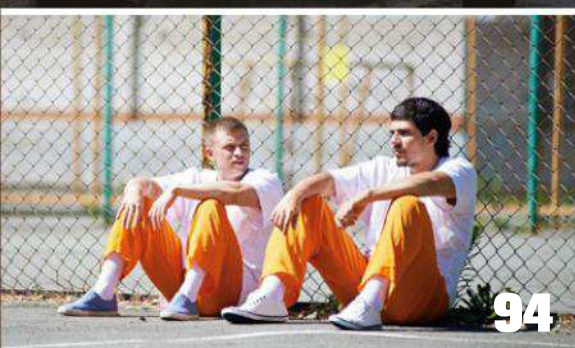
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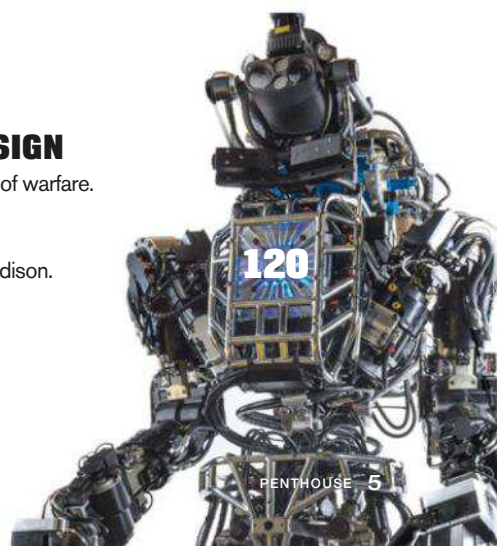
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July 2016 Pet of the Month Noelle Monique

MAIL DOMINANCE

SING OUT, HALLELUJAH!

I canceled my *Playboy* subscription when they no longer featured fully nude models. I then subscribed to *Penthouse* for a year. Thanks to the beautiful Ms. Noelle Monique, the July/August issue is a perfect ten. Thanks for giving us the new *Penthouse* magazine. You got it right!

-Larry via USPS

[Ed: Please tell that to Bill. He hates us.]

STALKER WITH A WALKER

I think Miss Noelle Monique is the most wholesome, gorgeous young lady I have ever seen. If it were in my power to lose 60 years from my age (83), I would travel to California and seek the young lady out.

-John via USPS

[Ed: Awwwwwww, John. That is just the cutest criminal threat ever!]

PURPLE PROSE

Sex toy's DVD's book-order's and black penis boy's white vagina girl's penis pregnancy test. A weekend with Shawna's

tongue is needed clusterfucks girl's meets girl's. [sic]

-Timothy via USPS

[Ed: The fuck you talking about, Timothy?]

FIGHT THE NUDE DRUG

Oh great. Now I've got *Penthouse* tweeting at me. #utppl

-U.S. Senator Todd Weiler via Twitter

[Ed: You're welcome for the free press, jackass. Complimentary subscription coming your way.]

DILLY OF A PICKLE

Your new format sucks and not in a good way. The heavier magazine is a mistake. You do know that many of us readers like to hold it in one hand while the other is busy. You do know what the other hand is doing, don't you? Sorry. I've bought my last issue.

-Bill via USPS

[Ed: Jesus, Bill. Just set the open mag on a table and use both of your hands like a gentleman. Stop trying to jerk off while you're taking a shit.]

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Can you guess my costume in the photo (yes, the photo, not the penis-mummy cartoon) on page 3? Send your guesses to whatthefuck@penthouse.com. The first person to email the correct answer will win something cool.

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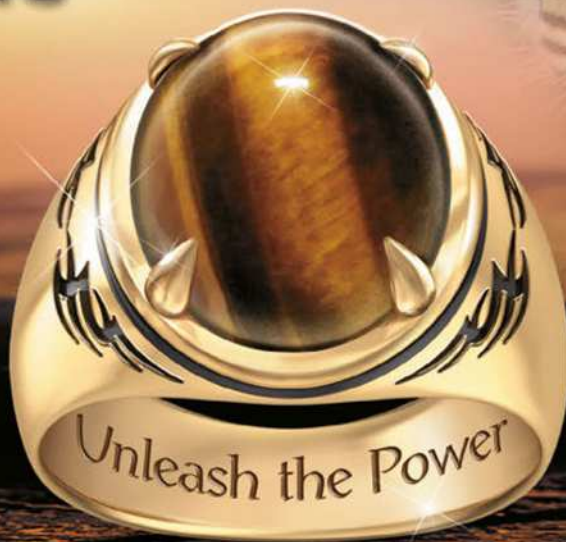
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

FUCK HALLOWEEN

I FUCKING hate Halloween. It's amateur night for people too ashamed to dress sexy any other time of the year. Sexy nurse. Sexy librarian. Sexy serial killer. It's like when I go to a bachelorette party for one of my backward high school friends and she gets "joke" gifts of "joke" lingerie and cheap hot-pink vibrators. Big joke, right, Tiffany? If you knew what your cunt could really do, you'd leave that plastic shit behind and put on some quality underwear for your schlub fiancé to rip off. But I digress.

Me, I dress sexy all the time. Low-cut cleavage shirts a size too small. Short skirts. Scandalous cutoffs. Nothing I'm not comfortable in, but nothing that doesn't say, "I'm comfortable in my skin." That's why I'm over Halloween. People try too hard. They say it's an excuse to dress sexy, but it's really just a cry for help. That whole week I usually dress down, in protest.

Which is why, last Halloween, I was the

victim of a cruel twist of fate. My sister had broken her ankle on the way out of a costume party (the heel snapped on her cheap sexy-scientist outfit), and she needed someone to chaperone her kids around the neighborhood for trick-or-treating.

I love my sister and her two rug rats, so of course I said yes. But I wasn't happy about it.

"I thought you'd be dressed all slutty," my lame sister said upon opening the door, whispering the last word. "You're dressed like me!"

"That's right, Amanda," I replied. "My Halloween costume is dressing like someone who doesn't have sex."

"Very funny," she said. (I was pretty sure Amanda had had sex twice.)

I escorted my Harry Potter niece and my Pikachu nephew around the neighborhood, falling in with a group of parents as we went house to house, making sure the kids said thank-you and avoided the sketchier homes.

One of the parents in attendance was

Steve, a single dad with two kids around the age of my niece and nephew. They knew each other from school.

"Why aren't you dressed up?" he asked. "Non-sexy *is* my Halloween costume," I said.

"Hmm," he responded, looking me over in a way that I'm not sure I would have appreciated on the subway, but which was kinda nice now. "You're not really pulling off 'non-sexy.' That sweatshirt looks good on you. And the gym tights? Nothing left to the imagination."

I liked this guy. We circled the block having an animated discussion about which candy we were going to steal once the kids went to bed.

"Why aren't you dressed up?" I asked.

"It's a double standard," he said. "My options are either some nerdy thing I'd have to explain to everyone, a monster costume that's not gonna get me laid by the single moms, or a sexy-policeman outfit that will just make it look like I'm trying too hard."

Turns out Steve knew my sister and her husband, and lived a few doors down from them. When we dropped off my niece and nephew, he asked if I'd join him for a drink at a place nearby. As we left Amanda's house, I swore I saw her shoot Steve a smile.

At the bar, Steve and I maneuvered our way through throngs of Halloween revelers in cheap, barely-there outfits. I liked the way he gently but firmly held my arm as we found the only available table by the restrooms. After he came back with drinks, I asked him how he knew Amanda and my brother-in-law.

He said, "We swog together sometimes." You could have knocked me over with a cheap hot-pink vibrator.

"No fucking way," I said. "Amanda?"

"Uh, yeah, Amanda," Steve said, looking like he was savoring a memory.

I realized I was the worst kind of person. The sexual elitist, buzzkilling Halloween for all the people who waited for this moment every year to show off their tits in public.



“
**THE HANDICAPPED
STALL WAS VACANT
AND HE HAD MY
SWEATPANTS DOWN
IN A SECOND.**
”

I stood up and led Steve, firmly but gently, to the men's bathroom. It wasn't empty but fuck it.

The handicapped stall was vacant and he had my sweatpants down in a second. I undid his belt with a practiced flick of my wrist and he was ready with an extra-large condom, his cock growing as we groped each other. He hefted me up on the baby-changing shelf like he'd done it before (turns out he had—with Amanda), and thrust into me with a violence that would have hurt had I not been so wet. He kept up a pace that was somewhere between Quickie Fuck and Porn Star Perseverance, and I felt that familiar feeling building in me.

“Get it get it get it,” I said, needing just 30 more seconds, hearing various pissers come and go outside the stall.

Steve kept pounding and I felt that curtain start to fall, the ultimate pleasure hanging there in the air. Then he pushed through it and I came, his hard thrusts turning squishy with my juices. Then he erupted in response.

We kissed long and slow, our breath adjusting. The first thing I remember him saying afterward was, “Glad you came as your sister this year.”

—*Little Sister, Phoenix, AZ*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine 8944 Mason Avenue Chatsworth CA USA 91311 or email us at letters@penthouse.com





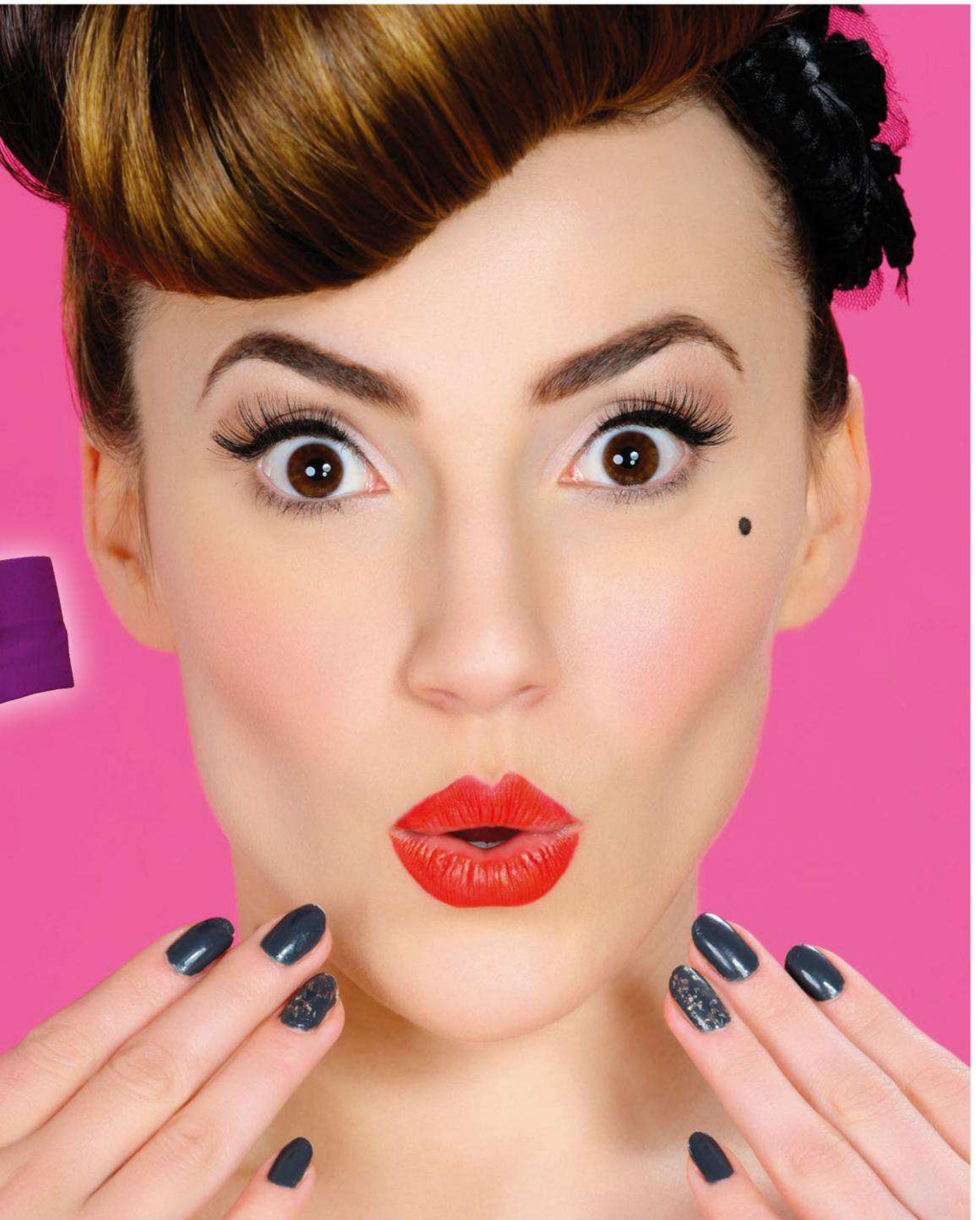
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THE DEBRIEF

PANTY RAIDER

MAN ARRESTED FOR STEALING
OVER 150 PAIRS
OF WOMEN'S UNDERWEAR

PHOTO: ISTOCK / COLOORTIME ISTOCK / DIMATLT633





WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

JAPANESE PANTY RAIDER BUSTED

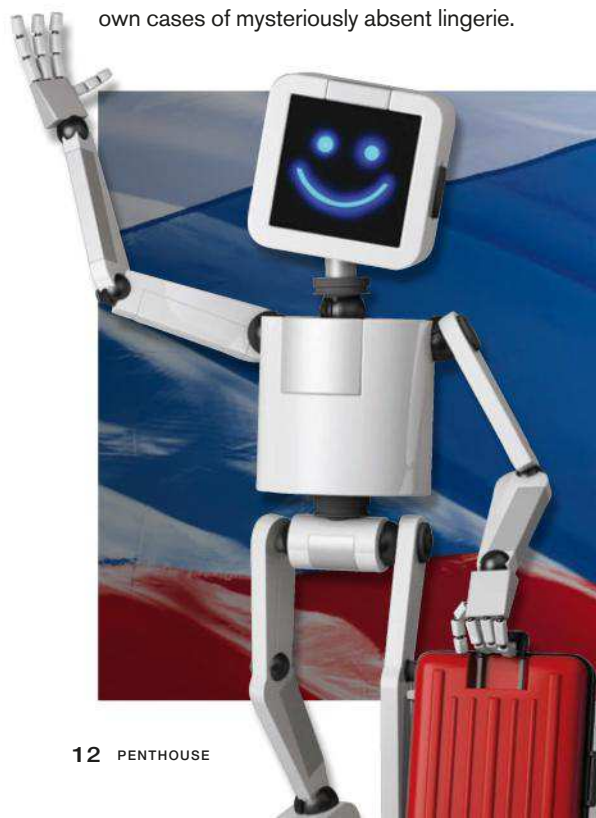
TO an outsider, the Japanese are a weird lot. They are known to be intensely private, while at the same time notoriously open with their, well—let's just say it—weird sexual fetishes. We're not ones to judge (trust us)—but *tentacle porn*? That's why it came as no surprise to discover that a Japanese farmer had been arrested for stealing over 150 pairs of women's undergarments. What's more, the man was wearing a pair of the stolen undergarments when police detained him.

Sixty-three-year-old Fumio Takashi was questioned by police at his home in Motusu, in Japan's Gifu prefecture, after trying to break into the garage of an 84-year-old man, allegedly to steal underwear that was left there to dry. He was charged with trespassing and attempted theft. His house was raided when members of victims' families came forward and reported their own cases of mysteriously absent lingerie.

Takashi, clearly not ashamed, reportedly told police, "I've done this several times." A confession we presume he made while wearing the latest item from Victoria's Secret.

Underwear fetishism is not uncommon, and in Japan at least, where you can buy women's used underwear from vending machines, it's not particularly taboo. Scientists from the Land of the Rising Sun even conducted a study to try and understand why certain men just can't get enough of women's panties. They ultimately concluded, after performing an MRI exam on one solo panty pirate, that the desire was caused by decreased blood flow to the brain.

If panties are your thing, there's no reason to call your doctor, though—most scientists would agree that, because of the small test sample, this result is bogus. In other words, enjoy your panties; just don't go breaking into people's houses.



FREE-RANGE ROBOT

A RUSSIAN robot programed to learn from its experience and environment has baffled its creators by repeatedly escaping from the lab. Promobot IR77 is one in a series of robots being designed in Perm, Russia, to interact with humans. The little guy decided to make a break for it after a researcher at the facility accidentally left a gate open. IR77 managed to make it 50 yards down the road, blocking traffic until he powered out.

After two reprograms, IR77 still can't resist its primal robo-urge to be free. Since the robot—much to the researchers' amusement—persists in its escape attempts, scientists are debating whether to dispose of the prototype altogether. Speaking with Russian news agency ura.ru, Promobot founder Oleg Kivokurtsev said, "Our clients hiring it might not like that specific feature." So far, the fate of IR77 is undecided, but the robot has developed a fanbase that insists the AI freedom-lover be kept alive by its developers.

TEEN DEMON

A TEENAGE boy in Montemorelos, Mexico, has developed a mysterious and terrifying “growl” that he can’t shake. The boy, known as Said, was apparently possessed by three demons, which resulted in his husky new voice. After recovering from their shock, his family called upon medics to treat him but, to their dismay, there was nothing doctors could do. The logical next step was to summon religious authorities. A priest from the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Monterrey then led an hour-long exorcism on Said as he howled and struggled in a chair.

The incident—caught on video and posted to the YouTube site *The Paranormal Scholar*—is causing quite a stir with online publications and internet junkies alike. But if the past is any guide, we should consider an incident that happened back in the 1970s, when Anneliese Michel was supposedly possessed by demons. It turns out that what people were really seeing was an epileptic girl suffering from severe mental illness. Following a year of secret exorcisms, Michel ultimately died from malnutrition and dehydration. Her family and the priest involved were subsequently found guilty of negligent homicide.

So far the outcome of Said’s exorcism isn’t clear, although in all likelihood this kid is either mentally disturbed or faking it. Or maybe he actually is possessed. How the fuck should we know?



STEALING THE DREAM

TALK about living in the moment, a construction worker in England let loose after he was overpaid an astonishing £40,000. When Steven Burke opened his bank account, instead of the £446.60 he was supposed to receive, a rookie payroll error led to a sizable £44,660 in Burke’s savings.

According to the *International Business Times*, rather than reporting the discrepancy, Burke decided to take a gambit and live like a king for a little while. But it was only a dream, as Burke may now be facing jail time if he can’t pay back all the money he blew. According to prosecutor Katy Varlow at the court of Scarborough, North Yorkshire, “He spent the money on a car, an electronic-cigarette, hotel rooms, designer clothes, a gold chain, cocaine, and vodka, as well as online gambling.”

It’s hard to blame Burke for holding onto the money and hoping he could slip through the cracks. Although he got caught in the end, the dude still played it cool and presented a defense that, at face value, wasn’t half bad: Burke claimed that he thought he was just a lucky “victim of cybercrime.” Total bullshit, but hell, it was worth a shot. If his company was dumb enough to unwittingly fork out an extra forty thou to some low-end construction worker, there was a chance that they might’ve been dumb enough to let him get away with it.



PHOTO: ISTOCK / MILAN ZEREMSKI INSERT: YOUTUBE ISTOCK / MAXKEGFIRE

WIENER JOINT

NAKED dining is not for everyone. Or at least according to the site DNA India. Amrita (Sanskrit for "immortality") is a place where patrons can fork out 80,000 ₹ (almost 800 bucks) to dine in the nude while being served by Adonis-like male waiters in G-strings. For an additional 14,000 yen (around \$130), those same waiters will dance for you, too.

To fit the bill for this exclusive diners' club, patrons must be between 18 and 60 years old, within 33 pounds of the average weight for their height, and not have any tattoos. Those permitted inside are given paper underpants and asked to refrain from talking to or bothering other patrons. Phones, cameras, and other digital devices are also a big no-no. Anyone who buys a ticket and does not fit the criteria will be refused entry, with no refund. The protocol may seem harsh, but as Miki Komatsu, a spokeswoman for the Amrita, explained, "If fat people are allowed in, it could be miserable for some guests."



THE PHOTOBOMBER

FOR those terrible days after a weeklong bender, when your face feels like it's been grafted from a corpse and you'd rather be invisible, we present to you the ISHU paparazzi-proof scarf. While it won't bend light around you or render you unseeable, this swatch of textile technology will ruin any photo taken using a flash.

Pioneered by Dutch-born fashion entrepreneur Saif Siddiqui, the ISHU has won over a number of celebrities who are looking to take back a smidgen

of privacy without having to hide behind their hands, according to London's *Telegraph*.

The scarf is made of a special fabric that reflects light back at the camera so intensely that the subject of the photo appears only as a black blob—albeit a black blob wearing a fashionable geometric-patterned scarf. Even if taken during broad daylight, it'll still be the most forgiving photo you could hope for when assaulted by a large insect with a camera.

MAMA HAD A BABY...

IT turns out that not all mothers in the animal kingdom are as protective as you might expect. Kangaroos, for example, may eject a baby joey from the pouch if threatened by a predator, in order to save itself. Furthermore, if the mother kanga is still unable to escape, it could even throw the baby at the predator to assist in its getaway.

It may seem harsh, but in an evolutionary/survival-of-the-fittest sense, the mother is assuring that she lives on to breed more and further her gene pool. The baby must be sacrificed for the greater good. This behavior is known as filial infanticide, and has been exhibited by quite a few species. Monkeys might drop their offspring from trees if they believe that they won't be fit enough for the social group they're a part of. Other animals, like cats and spiders, have been known to commit filial cannibalism, as in eating their babies.

Ovicide is also known to occur, which involves the destruction of eggs, often by ingestion. Then there's spermicide, which doesn't actually have anything to do with this article. We just want to go on record and say that we are comfortable with the destruction of sperm by ingestion. It feels right.

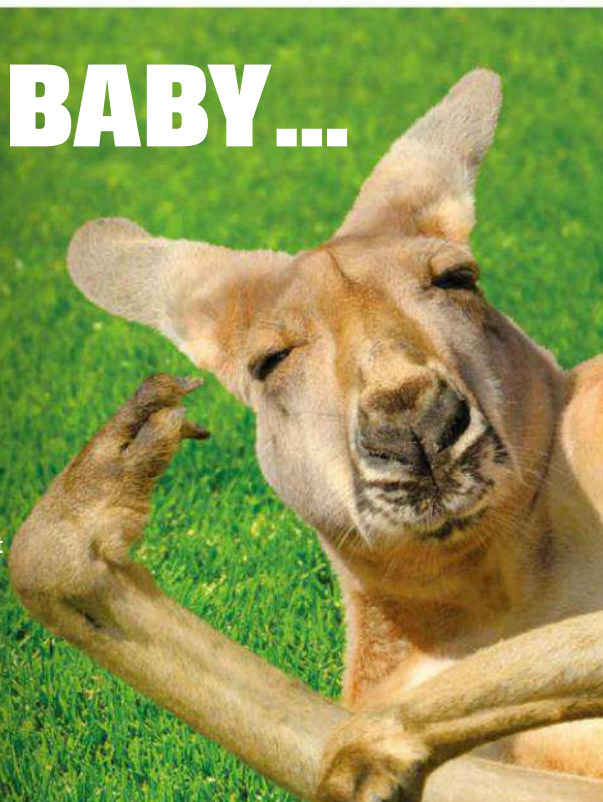


PHOTO: ISTOCK / SMILEUS SCARF IMAGE VIA ISHU.COM



BEAR-KNUCKLE BRAWLER

IF it's a choice between bailing on your dog or coming to blows with a bear, most of us are gonna think, *Fuck the dog, he's on his own*. However, Rick Nelson—now possibly the ballsiest guy on earth—saw things a bit differently. While walking his dog, Maggie, through the Lake Panache region of Ontario, Nelson told *Huffington Post Canada* that he saw a bear cub stick its head out of some bushes. It wasn't long until its 300-pound mother followed suit, and charged them.

Nelson had the option of escaping by climbing down a nearby cliff, but he didn't want to leave Maggie behind. So the 61-year-old former boxer decided to

duke it out with Mama bear.

Round 1: The bear hooks Nelson's left shoulder with its paw, causing a nasty cut, though Nelson retaliates with a blow to the bear's mouth (causing injury to his knuckle). The bear goes down.

Round 2: Mama bear gets to her feet and throws another swing at Nelson, except he dodges it and responds with a hard uppercut to the snout. According to Nelson, "It [then] just sat down on its butt...but in that moment, when it turned around and looked at me, I thought, *Ah, shit*. You know? What's it going to do? But right then the cub called again. And the bear just turned around and walked away, like it had never even met me."

COOPED UP



OVER in Star Prairie, Wisconsin, Polk County police officers were investigating a suspicious back-page ad posted by 27-year-old Sarah Bradehoft in a local magazine. After arriving at her home, they were surprised to find Bradehoft holed up in a chicken coop in the back of her property. The cops were confused by her behavior (she wasn't dressed appropriately for chicken tending) and proceeded to question her.

According to *twincities.com*, Bradehoft admitted that she had been exchanging sex for money and conducting her business within the chicken coop, while her six children remained inside the house. Her discretion was admirable in some ways: keep business and family separate. Don't mind the chickens.



FAPOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

ALEXANDER Rhodes, the man who founded the porn-addicts anonymous website known as NoFap, is expanding his business after his father bought the St. Clement Church in Tarentum, Pennsylvania. Since quitting his job as a data analyst at Google, Rhodes believes he's had a higher calling, and wants to use the church as an operations base to further his cause of helping compulsive masturbators and porn junkies kick the habit. Following his own years of personal struggle, Rhodes believes that porn addiction ruined his relationships and mental health, and drove him to start an online community that reached out to people with similar problems.

Rhodes's mission may literally be demanding the impossible: daring men to stop jacking off. But since this is such a serious step in the direction of helping people who can't stop typing "Bukkake" and "Lisa Ann" into their web browsers, it's entirely possible that we'll see more groups for porn-addiction therapy crop up in the near future. While Rhodes is trying to distance himself from religious affiliations (keeping the support service open and secular), he might just be a saint for men everywhere who are furiously stroking their lives to failure.



WOMEN OF THE SELECTIVE SERVICE

FOR us males in the U.S.—whether you're a citizen or an immigrant—it is a legal requirement to register with the Selective Service System (SSS), a government agency that logs your personal information in case the draft is ever reinstated. Now, in an age of gender equality, women may soon have to sign up as well. The Senate recently approved the National Defense Authorization Act (passing 85-13), which would make it mandatory for women to register with the SSS and potentially be conscripted during wartime.

It's no surprise that the bill has attracted a great deal of criticism and controversy. The amendment still needs to undergo further review before it's enacted, but even with the White House threatening to veto the proposal, chances are the legislation will pass given how many senators expressed support for the change.

Gone are the days of the *Titanic*, when men stayed behind while the women and children were rescued. Soon, women may have to forcibly take up arms alongside their male counterparts and, like them, go down with the ship.

BLOOD THIRST?

HAVE you ever thought of yourself as a dark lord? Or perhaps you're someone who feels as though the night is your only friend? Do you hang out in dungeons surrounded by latex and muse on the limits of depravity? Well, if you answered yes to any of these and have ever considered drinking blood to enhance your...whatever, you may want to limit your intake to only a teaspoon or so.

Life's essential juice is very healthy, but mostly when kept within the correct conduits—i.e., blood vessels. You see, if you were to drink it down like a warm, thick broth, you might find yourself in a little trouble.

Hemochromatosis, or iron overload, is what'll probably happen to you, resulting in liver damage, testicular failure, and bronzing of the skin. How iron-ic (sorry). And while there are animals that subsist on a diet of blood—the vampire bat, for example—these creatures have developed mechanisms for dealing with excess iron before it gets into their system.

There are thousands of humans throughout the world now claiming the health benefits of drinking blood, some of them even go so far as to attack victims at night. However, unless they've been the subject of some mad-scientist type of gene-splicing activity, these people are probably living in a fantasy world from the nineteenth century. For your own safety, we recommend sticking to steak.



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"Blue watches are one of the growing style trends seen in the watch world in the past few years"—WATCHTIME®, Sept. 2015

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ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

By Chris Nieratko

1 / Cal Exotics Glow-in-the-Dark Stud

It was a dark and stormy night. The streets and our sheets were awash with the blood of the perverted. I arrived home from work just before midnight and immediately knew something was amiss. Neither the garage nor the kitchen motion lights flipped on as I passed the sensors. None of the lights worked inside; it was as if someone had cut the power. As my eyes struggled to adjust to the darkness it hit me: Our foyer was unseasonably cold, to the point of seeing my own breath; our spry and loyal dog failed to greet me at the door for the first time in a decade; and there was a heavy stench of fresh death in the air that I'd smelled only once before, when I was forced to visit the LA County Morgue by an angry judge who detested people like me who enjoyed drinking and driving.

Then I heard it. From down the hall. A slow but steady hum and a muffled moan. My heart dropped into my trousers. The former homeowner died in the master bedroom on that very night 13 years earlier. Over the ten years we'd lived in the old house my wife and I had experienced numerous odd occurrences (strange claw marks on frosted windows, rooms rearranged, doors slamming) and every manner of spooky sound. We had always shrugged it off, but as I slowly walked down the 20-foot hallway to our bedroom, I felt a true fear of our home for the first time. My mind wandered off to when, at the request of my God-fearing mother, we had the priest from *The Exorcist* come bless our mess and vanquish away any demons. My wife and I laughed in disbelief at the time, but allowed our halls to be steeped in holy water and incense for the very same reason I continued to wear condoms for a month after my vasectomy: "I'm sure we're safe, but a little extra protection to avoid Satan's spawn never hurt anyone."

As I got within a few steps of our bedroom door the memory of the smell of incense took me further back, to my Catholic school days when, as an altar boy, I'd be the first to volunteer for funeral service to get out of class. A slide show of the hundreds of dead old people I had knelt before as a boy while some half-drunk steward of the Lord mumbled something that resembled a prayer looped in my head. Every detail came flooding back to me: the length of their nose hairs, the scratches on their glasses, the veins beneath their skin, the photographs they were to be buried with.

The moans from the other side of the door snapped me back to reality. I shook off the vision, took a deep breath, turned the handle and pushed it to see... a ghost. A glowing beam of light in the center of the room moving up and down rapidly and moaning. All I could think was the former



homeowner had risen from the dead and was none too happy about the changes I'd made to the layout. He began to come towards me.

He was going to kill me!

I screamed!

I hurried to pull my iPhone from my pocket and clumsily found the flashlight button. The last thing I remember was seeing my wife covered in blood.

I awoke to a bright light. I heard someone calling my name. An angel. A voice so warm and sweet I could taste it. Again it called for me. "Valhalla, I am coming!"

Then I felt a smack across my face and heard laughter as my name was called thrice.

I refocused my eyes to see my naked wife standing over me. Her face, bare breasts, inner thighs, and hands were covered in blood. She held "the ghost" by her side: a dripping, blood-soaked, still-illuminated Cal Exotics Glow-in-the-Dark stud. It was still vibrating at full force as she read the confusion on my face. She didn't bother to wait for my question: "The storm knocked out all the power in the neighborhood. I guess I didn't realize I got my period while I was playing with myself."

Rating: 10 CalExotics.com

2 / Cal Exotics Apollo Power Ring

Just before last Halloween, I lost a bunch of weight. I wasn't trying to, it just happened, but it was rather noticeable. I wasn't ever really fat, at least not fat like you, but a 40-pound loss



would be noticeable on anyone and now I look like I'm trying out for the role of Anne Frank. For Halloween my four-year-old wanted to be Batman, and since I traditionally dress as his sidekick I volunteered to be Robin. Unsure of my new costume size after the weight loss I went with a large as opposed to my usual XL, but when the day came for boy's school parade I couldn't fit into the stretchy jumpsuit. It took the help of my wife to get dressed. "How do I look?" I asked her. "You can't wear that. It's pornographic." "Maybe it's just the lighting in the bedroom?" I asked. "No," she assured me, "All anyone will see is your cock in that skintight outfit. Even limp, it's offensive. You can't be around children like that." For 15 years, I have always trusted in my wife's opinion and deferred to her whenever in doubt, and yet, for whatever reason, perhaps not being fully aware of my new body, I doubted her. "I don't think it's that bad. And it'll be nighttime. No one will even notice the bulge."

As is usually the case, I was an idiot who had no clue what he was talking about. As soon as we stepped into my kid's school's parking lot, I saw one of the PTA moms. Before I could even say hello, her eyes shot straight down to my crotch and widened. The shadows from the streetlight made my cock even more pronounced and she purred, "Ooooooh. I really like your costume." In 40-odd-years, I'd never blushed until that moment. I looked at my wife in panic – not for me, but for the children, *for the sake of the children, I say!* She rolled her eyes at me. I dropped my head in shame and spent the rest of the

evening with my cape wrapped around me so no one could see my rod. Later that night, as I disrobed, I looked at the packaging and saw that the costume company had shipped me a size *small* instead of the large I ordered...


I've never been much of a DC Comics guy, and after that night I was even less of a fan. When Cal Exotics sent me this Apollo Power Ring, the first thought in my head was, *looks like Green Lantern's ring. Fuck DC. Fuck Robin. Fuck that costume. And fuck that PTA mom for making me feel like a piece of meat.* Then my wife ordered me to try it on, and just like that *Seinfeld* episode when George was a marine biologist, goddamnit, I was a motherfucking superhero. No bullshit, I thought I knew the full extent of the power I wield between my legs, but the Apollo gave me a porno penis! I've worn many cock rings in the past, but this is the one ring to rule them all. It trapped the blood in my dick without being painful, making it hard enough to hammer in a nail and transforming me into whoever the hell it is my wife fantasizes about. Although I'm quite certain you're not supposed to keep the USB charger plugged in while having sex, I couldn't help but feel that the seven different vibrating settings were amplified as if I was harnessing the power of the sun to, as my wife put it, "shoot orgasm lasers!"

I might always be a Marvel fan, but the Apollo has changed my negative thinking towards DC, and has also, finally, made my wife a fan of me.

Rating: 10 [CalExotics.com](https://www.CalExotics.com) 



GET THE PICTURE

AEROBATICS—airplanes performing feats (hopefully) not used in civilian flight—is one of the world's most demanding disciplines, requiring a sophisticated combination of precision, speed, and sheer lunacy. It's also one of the most fascinating sights, which you'll see in action here, as the France-based Breitling Jet Team flies over Pyramid Lake, Nevada, in Calysto formation. 

Credit: Breitling Jet Team, American Tour, Pyramid Lake.



JOHN HANKE



THE MAN WHO FILLED THE DIGITAL WORLD
WITH LITTLE JAPANESE MONSTERS

IMAGINE Google approached you to acquire your start-up and offered you a position managing a global team of Googlers. A few years go by, and you decide to leave your position to build a new start-up, and Google offers to finance it, too. Then, you decide to capitalize on a well-executed April Fool's Day prank and create an augmented-reality mobile app based on a Japanese videogame from the 1990s. You with us? Congratulations! You have just created *Pokémon Go*, and your name is John Hanke.

Building a app based on a chubby little space mouse that has already surpassed Twitter's daily users—and is more of a collective time-waster than Instagram, Snapchat, WhatsApp, and Facebook—is only Hanke's most recent achievement, yet it's the one that has people errantly labeling him an "overnight success."

After launching *Meridian 59*, the mother of all Massive Multiplayer Online (MMO) games, in 1996, Hanke spent the next 20 years gaining actual experience points and earning gym badges, getting ready to take on Victory Road. To kick off the new millennium, Hanke launched Keyhole, the pioneering software that merged aerial photography with static maps to create the now-familiar (and almost too-creepy) way we can zoom in to inspect our roof tiles from outer space while dicking around on Google Earth.

So, after forever changing the landscape of Google Maps, Hanke decided that he missed the start-up world and founded another MMO-game developer called Niantic. Niantic's first product was a new type of MMO titled *Ingress*, which incorporated Hanke's experience with global positioning and tracking. In fact, *Ingress* played a lot like *Pokémon Go*: You run around your city visiting actual landmarks, and try to capture them from opposing teams by going to battle with weapons you collected from other landmarks and points of interest. So basically, Hanke took his groundbreaking game *Ingress* and made it cooler by making it... dorkier.

But what really made *Pokémon Go* go was the overwhelming response to a 2014 April Fool's trick that tapped into the nerd universe. The ruse featured a Google-produced commercial showing real people around the globe tracking Pokémon characters in an augmented-reality that was visible on their smartphones using the Google Maps app. When the prank video launched, it immediately went viral. And even though "Google Maps: Pokémon Challenge" was just a joke, the world loved it. They demanded it. And two years later, Hanke delivered it.

In a 2012 interview with *Inc.* magazine, Hanke explained his approach to creating these rich, immersive, and addictive parallel universes: "If you could put a bubble around the world, what would you want the bubble to say?"

We don't know about you, but we'd want the bubble to say "Ditto." 🐡



CRUSH

ELSA HOSK

IF you don't know Swedish supermodel Elsa Hosk, we are very happy to introduce you.

The 27-year-old stunner is hard to miss. Even harder since she became a Victoria's Secret Angel in 2015. She is the cover model of what is reported to be VS's final swimsuit catalog.

Success didn't come overnight for our Scandinavian beauty, though. While Hosk spent some of her youth modeling, she made more appearances on the court than the catwalk, starring as a pro basketball player with the Swedish version of the WNBA. In between her eight weekly basketball workouts, however, she still managed to shoot with some incredible brands like Guess and Dolce & Gabbana. She eventually retired her high-tops after receiving multiple job offers in New York City (where she moved to model full-time). From pick 'n rolls to cut and sew, Hosk quickly became a star in the New York fashion scene.

But while plenty of models are known for their steady diet of cotton balls and Peruvian party powder, Ms. Hosk maintains a strict diet and exercise regimen.

That's not to say she doesn't know how to take it easy. Everything in moderation, right? According to Hosk, her major vice is late-night pizza and grilled cheese. Which means her worst habit is eating like a frat boy. ☺

POKÉMON GO

GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL . . . BUT BE CAREFUL
BY AMIE WEE

IT'S been about four months since the world lost its goddamn mind over *Pokémon Go*, and with the game having recently been rolled out across 15 more countries, the GPS-enabled mass-multiplayer reinvention of the 90s cartoon is showing no sign of slowing down.

On the day Niantic released *Pokémon Go*, it shot straight to the top of the app store, and within 24 hours, it had beaten every other game in popularity. Now it has over 25 million active users in the United States alone, making it the biggest mobile game in this country's history.

At its peak, *Pokémon Go* has attracted more users than Twitter, Tinder, and even Pornhub. Let that sink in for a minute. A smartphone game where adults are walking the streets to catch imaginary monsters is currently more popular than internet porn...What a time to be alive.

Right now, you can barely walk the streets or through a park without bumping into some Poké-nerd who has paused to fling a Poké-ball at a rogue Zubat, and it's rare to go a day without hearing someone squeal when they're in the vicinity of a Pikachu. Hell, it's gotten to the point where you can't even visit your great granny's grave without a group of grown men chasing Bulbasaur around you.

So before you call me cynical, yes, I admit there are benefits to the game. *Pokémon Go* is getting people out of the house and moving, and, unlike any other videogame, it does promote fitness. The more you walk in *Pokémon Go*, the more eggs you can hatch and the more likely you are to add to your Pokédex. It's encouraging people to explore their neighborhoods by tricking them into exercise as they scout nearby terrain for imaginary creatures. Plus, the game is aiding in natural selection...

Seriously! People are addicted to this game to the point where they are literally putting their lives on the line to swipe at a cartoon.

The list of people that have gone missing, crashed their cars or been hit by one, been stabbed, and even died while playing the game is growing.

Some people are just idiots though. Such as the pair of

players who were charged with criminal trespass after jumping into a tiger enclosure to hunt Pokémon at the Toledo Zoo. Or the woman who was arrested after stealing a 13-year-old's bike so she could cover more ground. Or the guy who was so engrossed in the game he was bitten on the foot by a venomous snake in Texas. Then there's the 62-year-old man from New York who wandered into the woods to chase Pokémon and ended up having to call for help after he got lost and then stuck in a mud pit. What about the woman who had to phone 911 after she chased a Pokémon up a tree and then couldn't get back down? Or what about the couple of players who were so captivated by the game that they didn't realize they had illegally crossed from Canada into the United States?

“
**PEOPLE ARE ADDICTED
TO THIS GAME TO THE
POINT WHERE THEY
ARE LITERALLY
PUTTING THEIR LIVES
ON THE LINE.**
”

Then there's the opportunists—the people who see groups of other people wandering the streets and parks at night, engrossed in their phones. The number of players who have been attacked, robbed, beaten, and had their phones and wallets stolen while playing *Pokémon Go* is also growing. Some people are even setting up “lures”—a geolocation feature that allows players to lure others to a location for 30 minutes—with the intent of robbing players when they arrive at the spot.

And what about the people who have had enough of strangers wandering around like zombies and trespassing onto their properties? One woman in Ontario was charged with firing a pellet gun at a group of *Pokémon Go* players, while another threw a firework at someone from his vehicle. Then there was the man in Florida who shot two teenagers after seeing them outside his home late at night and hearing one of them say, “Did you get anything?” Or what about the guy in San José who slashed a player with a straight razor after he assumed he was recording him? Then there's the jealous asshole who assaulted his girlfriend after spotting her out with a group of random men—unbeknownst to him, she was with her Poké-gang...not Poké-gangbang.

Gotta catch 'em all...but be careful—look up when you're crossing the street and avoid being the next Poké-tard to be listed as a Pokécide. 012



GAMING

SHOOTING STAR: GEARS OF WAR 4


Microsoft (Xbox One, PC)

GEARS of War: The Next Generation might be a better name for this kickoff installment of a new trilogy in the shooter series that made chainsaw bayonets a thing. You're dropped into the titanium-toed platform boots of J. D. Fenix, son of the road-running meathead hero of the previous trilogy. A chip off his old blockhead of a dad, Fenix is a rebellious mercenary living outside the walled outposts of planet Sera, 25 years after the human race narrowly wiped out their would-be exterminators in *Gears of War 3*. Fenix and his crew start out tussling with the robot enforcers of Sera's authoritarian government, but these chipper androids are skeet targets compared to the game's real threat: a menace known as the Swarm. When the Swarm begins kidnapping entire human colonies and transforming them into zombie drones, it's up to Fenix and Co. to save Sera.



But aside from some enhanced weaponry, including a cannon that lobs mines over walls, *Gears of War 4* is an exercise in series déjà vu—and that's a good thing. Players once again take a stop-and-pop approach to each level, diving for cover behind destructible walls before returning fire and dashing ahead. Freakish storms add fog-of-war confusion to the firefights, but true *Gearsheads* will feel at home wielding familiar weapons that are both gory and goofy, including a combat knife for up-close work and the classic

chainsaw bayonet that's as satisfying to wield as ever (unlike the laughably useless weapons profiled below).

But the long-haul draw for *Gears 4* is its nearly limitless suite of multiplayer modes, including a cooperative campaign and a revamped Horde game of survival that rewards kills with currency you can spend on fortifications. When Fenix's dad, Marcus, finally shows up for some father-son Swarm-blasting bonding time, you'll feel like the *Gears* series has come full circle. 

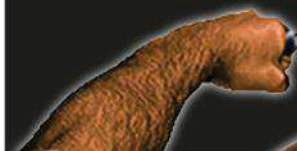
FIRE AND FORGET: GAMING'S FOUR LEAST-LETHAL FIREARMS

> 4 <

BRASS KNUCKLES

Doom (PC)

This progenitor of all first-person shooters laid out a simple rule: When your ammo runs dry, put up your dukes. But *Doom*'s brass-knuckled left cross only pissed off enemies and opened players to a serious retaliatory beat-down.

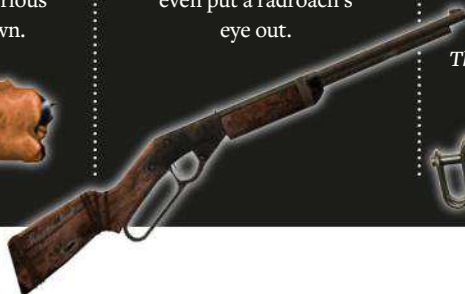


> 3 <

BB RIFLE

Fallout: New Vegas (PS3, Xbox 360, PC)

Between its nuked-out mutants and armored marauders, the apocalyptic wasteland of the *Fallout* games is no place for a pea shooter. This kid's toy can't even put a radroach's eye out.



> 2 <

KLOBB SUBMACHINE GUN

GoldenEye 007 (N64)

This wildly inaccurate pray-and-sprayer might tickle enemies to death (as long as they obligingly stand in place). The Klobb might be the most useless gadget in any James Bond adventure—and that includes the fake third nipple from *The Man with the Golden Gun*.



> 1 <

THE NEEDLER

Halo (Xbox, PC)

Like some sort of alien Silly String from an intergalactic Spencer Gifts, this purple pistol shot skinny shards that fizzled before they reached the enemy. It's the sort of weapon no self-respecting space marine would wield unless he was hosting a kid's birthday party.



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FILM

CRANSTON KNOCKS ON HOLLYWOOD'S DOOR

In a sea of pretty-boy actors—you know, the Zac Efrons, Taylor Lautners, and other acting equivalents of Justin Bieber—there's a special place in the Hollywood universe reserved for true workhorse talent. These actors toil for decades, working steadily yet remaining undetected by the masses, until a certain special role launches them into stardom. One of these actors is Bryan Cranston.

After featuring in a bunch of casual roles in the eighties and nineties (notably *Seinfeld*'s Tim Whatley, and the frantic but sympathetic Patrick Crump in an early episode of *The X-Files*), Cranston arrived in 2000 as the goofy dad Hal in the sitcom *Malcolm in the Middle*. However, nobody really understood the reach of his talent until he landed the iconic role of Walter White in *Breaking Bad*, in 2008. From that point on, Cranston went from being “that guy”—merely a recognizable face on TV—to a sought-after and distinguished figure on the screen. Similar to Heath Ledger's swan song as the Joker, Cranston was Walter White—a Mr. Chips who transformed into Scarface.

For his role as White, Cranston invented his character's look, including small details like the appearance of his mustache (it had to appear “impotent,” almost see-through), and a lot of White's slumping pose was inspired by the brooding posture of his father. Unlike most portrayals we see, Cranston didn't settle for simply playing a character; rather, his love of performing urged him to create a character so we could all reap the benefits. And in one fell swoop, Cranston suddenly rose to that narrow league of

acting where actors truly are artists.

Since the overwhelming success of *Breaking Bad*, Cranston has been landing role after role on the big screen. Although 2014's remake of *Godzilla* was met with mixed reviews, the problem wasn't Cranston, it was the lack of him. Along with his performance in *The Infiltrator* (which this time saw his character investigating the underbelly of the drug-trade rather than fueling

CRANSTON DOESN'T TAKE HALF MEASURES IN ANY OF HIS PERFORMANCES, AND IS GIVING THE PRETTY-BOYS A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.

it), in 2015's *Trumbo*, Cranston shaped another remarkable depiction into an Oscar nomination.


In other words, Cranston doesn't take half measures in any of his performances, and is giving some of the higher-profile pretty boys a run for their money. As we eagerly await his lineup of films coming out later this year (particularly *Wakefield*, based on a short story by the late E.L. Doctorow), the 60-year-old Cranston is proving that you're never too old to reinvent your career in show business, and may himself be only a few roles away from ascending to the same legendary cinematic ranks as Marlon Brando. 

PHOTO: GETTY/ANDREW H. WALKER

MUSIC

THE STRANGE WORLD OF MODERN VINYL

In an era dominated by digital downloading and music-streaming services, the humble vinyl record has made a remarkable resurgence. Artists are turning their attention toward this once-neglected form of technology as another viable source of income, and in doing so, have created a competitive market where the weirdest and most original packaging has become just as important as the music itself. Here's a number of the strangest and most inventive vinyl releases of the past decade.

Star Wars Hologram Vinyl

Star Wars is big business (duh!) so it's no surprise Disney pulled out all the stops for the special edition of John Williams's soundtrack to the seventh and latest installment, *The Force Awakens*. Not only is the two-LP set on 180-gram vinyl and packaged with a 16-page booklet containing liner notes from director J.J. Abrams, but it also features spectacular 3D hologram art. Etched into the vinyl by designer Tristan Duke—the man responsible for the hologram art on Jack White's *Lazaretto*—are images of the Millennium Falcon and an Imperial TIE Fighter. The holograms add an incredible visual element that brings to life the anthemic *Star Wars* Theme that no die-hard fan should be without.

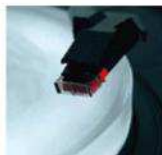


So Good You Can Eat It

Combining music with food is a brilliant idea, something two European artists have replicated with tasty results. French electronic producer Breakbot and Croatian rocker Gibboni have both released records made of chocolate that are completely edible. While both records can be played on a standard turntable, they only last a few listens before the songs' imprint melts away. This is a bonus as neither song is great, so having the option to eat them is a nice consolation prize.

A Record Made of Ice

Ever wondered what ice sounds like? We didn't either...but apparently it sounds just like the Swedish band Shout Out Loud. The band teamed with ad agency TBWA Stockholm to create a playable record made of ice for the creatively titled single *Blue Ice*. The process involved creating a mold of the negative imprint of the



song, filling it with distilled water and shoving it in a freezer to set. The seven-inch was limited to ten copies and sent to select fans and media outlets, with the only downside being once taken out of the mold and played, the record begins to melt...and short-circuit your audio equipment.

Bloody Pussy

Syracuse, New York punk outfit Perfect Pussy wanted the collectors' edition of their debut album, *Say Yes To Love*, to be something really special and personal for their fans, so lead singer Meredith Graves decided to add her blood to the mix. Unlike the Flaming Lips and Hedy Fwends's record that contained the blood of famous artists (Nick Cave, Erykah Badu, Chris Martin, and more) swirling around as the record played, Graves actually had her blood pressed into the vinyl itself. As unbelievable as it sounds, the gimmick worked, with the band selling out of the 180 blood-streaked vinyl records well before production even began.



WHO YOU GONNA CALL?

2014 marked the 30th anniversary of the classic 80s flick *Ghostbusters* and saw the marketing team step up its game with the release of two different records celebrating the milestone. The film's famous theme song by Ray Parker Jr. was released as a glow-in-the-dark vinyl for Record Store Day, while the film's soundtrack centered around the film's delicious villain the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man. The package included lenticular film stills, a white-vinyl disc, and a marshmallow-scented jacket that housed the record. Almost makes up for the reboot. Almost.







II



III



IV



V

TECH

TICK TOCK: IT'S TECH O'CLOCK

I / Superocean Héritage Chronoworks Breitling.com

For thrill-seekers, diving enthusiasts, or fellas who just want the best high-tech machinery on their wrist (and who doesn't), Breitling, a specialist of technical watches and a leader in wrist chronographs, has just released the Superocean Héritage, which has been reinterpreted in an all-black version, recalling the 1957 Superocean. The transparent case provides a chance to admire (and show off) the Chronoworks movement, with its revisited mechanism and black oscillating weight.

II / Beast Grip Pro Beastgrip.com

Take your phoneography to the next level with Beastgrip—the world's first universal lens mount and rig system that works with any phone. The accessory, an adjustable frame that works with phones of all sizes, provides a standard 37mm threaded lens and filter mount. It comes with a wide-eye and fish-eye lens, and allows you to add a variety of lenses depending on your needs. There is a cold shoe for lights and mics, as well as five standard threaded mounts for tripods, stabilizers, sliders, and other accessories.

III / BMW Titan Motorcycle BMWmotorcycles.com


This BMW Titan motorcycle looks like it drove right out of the Batcave, and it's stunning. The futuristic concept motorcycle sports one large rear wheel and a sleek, podlike design. Though it's technically a motorcycle, this beauty looks like it would fit right in as a burlier *Tron* lightcycle.

The design is the work of Mehmet Doruk Erdem of Istanbul. The angular, aerodynamic body is designed for land speed-record runs, and reminds us of speeders of old. The front wheel is hidden inside the body, leaving much to the imagination.

IV / The Boom Stick Boomcloud360.com

No, it's not a 12-gauge double barreled Remington used to frighten primitive screwheads (shop smart. Shop S-Mart.). This Boom Stick uses an on-the-fly algorithm to enhance the fidelity, bass, clarity, and volume of the music and podcasts on your little devices. Just plug your earbuds into the flash-drive-sized Boom Stick and the Boom Stick into your device's headphone jack.

V / Star Wars Drones Starwars.airhogs.com

Whether your vehicle is a speeder bike, the X-wing fighter used by rebel scum, an Imperial TIE fighter, or the venerable Millennium Falcon, you can fly into battle at speeds over 35 MPH and battle up to 24 people at a time using onboard lasers! All Star Wars quads are hand-painted, certified, numbered, and packed in a collectible display box. 



NEEK LURK GETS WEIRD WITH CHARLOTTE STOKELY

BY CHRIS NIERATKO
PHOTOS BY: KIMBERLY KANE

THE National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) projects upwards of \$6 trillion being spent on mental disorders by the year 2030; a far cry from when The Peanuts' Lucy first opened her psychiatric booth back in 1959, charging a mere five cents per visit. In a day and age when one in five Americans suffer from some form of mental disorder it comes as no surprise that self-diagnosed bi-polar "weirdo" and designer Neek Lurk's clothing brand, Anti Social Social Club, which champions insecurities such as 'SELF DOUBT,' 'FUCK EVERYONE. IT'S JUST YOU IN THE END,' and 'FUCK EXPECTATIONS' on t-shirts, sweatshirts, and hats, has such a cult following. ASSC was thrust into the stratosphere earlier this year when one of pop-culture's best-known sociopaths, Kim Kardashian, wore one of Neek's hats with the words *te extraño* (Spanish for "I miss you") embroidered on it. And Lurk's been waiting for the bottom to fall out ever since.

Tell me about your mother, Neek.
NEEK LURK: Damn. Well, she passed away two years ago so it's kind of weird. She's looking out for me right now, that's why I'm doing all this stuff.

Much of what a man does in life is a direct result of a mother's impact.

Yeah, we were never really close but now I think we got closer. It's weird universe shit, like, whatever happened to me after she died...from me getting tons of money, to my brand to whatever the fuck I'm doing is basically because of her.

How has your relationship changed since her passing?

It's stronger, for sure. She's here right now; weird ghost stuff.

Today we're at your *Pop Shots* shoot. If she's here what do you think she's got to say about it?

That it's pretty awesome. She'd definitely back it.

What was your childhood like?

Just super isolated in my room.

By your choosing or her doing?

Just everything. It's like I've been in a room for 27 years.

You're a member of *The Wolfpack*?

Yeah. I didn't really hang out with anybody; just loner-style. That's who I am.

Now you're thrust into a spotlight. How does that make you feel?

I've always been alone. Now I go home to my new house and I have a couple friends but I'm still the same person; I'm still all alone.

I've been drunk my whole life which is a social lubricant. Now I've got some time off it and I'm completely inept in social settings. What advice can you give someone that feels that social awkwardness that you address with Anti Social Social Club?

I didn't really start drinking until two years ago and drinking does help me with my insecurities, like, I can text somebody or I can talk to somebody. It's so corny but it's so true. I don't do drugs; I hate weed. But I started drinking whiskey and I was like, "Oh shit! This is lit!" Last year, every day I was looking forward to drinking and having friends and having people to hang out with and drinking was the only time I felt like I was good. By doing that people were like, "Damn, you drink way too

much." I don't drink and drive anymore because I have a lot to lose but before it was nothing to lose and a lot to gain, in my head, but I remember a time I had dinner with somebody and I took a bottle of Jameson's from Burbank and drank half of it on the way to Silverlake on the freeway. I sat down and she had a drink waiting and I downed it. That night I messed everything up. I should have been normal and chill but I was crazy and next thing the door slammed, she skirted off and I was left on the street. After that I was like, "people don't get me as a person." So as corny as it is, from that experience I made a t-shirt and a hat with a very relatable message and that was my outlet. No longer the booze.

“
**I DIDN'T REALLY
HANG OUT WITH
ANYBODY; JUST
LONER STYLE.
THAT'S WHO I AM.**
”



But having experienced the superpower that alcohol gives you, how do you function with your insecurities without it?

It is a superpower. People just think you're drunk but it is a trigger in your brain. The other day I hit somebody up while I was drunk and I would never hit them up sober. How do I cope with it? I'm learning how to cope. I just go home and do boring shit.

This is *Penthouse*. Do you go home and jack off?

Sure, yeah. Everybody does.

I was told at a very young age that you should be with one of every type of girl so that later in life when you close your eyes you can envision any girl in your head with clarity from personal reference. What's your preference?

This is like a 10 p.m. question. Here's the thing, I like watching Asian girls but I don't like Asian girls. I want to be with a white girl or a Euro chick or a Spanish girl but I like watching Asian girls. I just never want to be with them.

“
**I STARTED
DRINKING WHISKEY
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'OH SHIT! THIS
IS LIT!'**
”

You had the opportunity to go through the Rolodex of humanity for this shoot. How did you decide on Charlotte [Stokely]?

I have moods and that reflects on what I do, see, make, whatever. I'm super bi-polar. This week I like white girls. Next week I might like Latin girls. I'm never going back to Asian girls, sorry. It's like dating my sister. It's like I know you already. I want something new, something foreign. I need something new because I'm getting bored with everything.

In terms of beauty? What does it for you?

I like girls when they're super-insecure. Because I'm insecure myself so when they're insecure that does it for me.

Is it because the insecurity is relatable? Or is it a power trip where their insecurity makes you feel less insecure about yourself?

Maybe it is a power trip but more it's that she has the same moods as me and I can relate. It's physical too but it's more about the personality.









You're 27 and living in an age where social media produces relationships as opposed to first-hand interactions like in the past.

Facts. Yeah, they hit you with the DMs so you know their vibe and personality through their Instagram but it's not real until you really meet them. I'm being really picky right now. I get hit up with DMs all the time and I say, "No." I have my guard up. I think right now we live in a quick age, whether it be a brand, an Instagram post or a relationship they're quick as fuck. You could be with a chick Monday and you break up Monday. Everything is so quick. I'm actually kind of stressed.

Streetwear brands also come and go quickly. Your brand exploded. How do you maintain that in this age of quickness?

**“
I LIKE GIRLS WHEN
THEY'RE SUPER-
INSECURE.
”**

I don't make a lot of stuff. I produce it the day after I have an idea. I can have something made in one day thanks to all my resources in California. If I want to make a jacket next week I will and release it the next day. And I don't do seasons; it's one piece whenever I want. I think that's the new age of stuff. DGAF: Don't Give A Fuck.

Would you say, though, that the success of the brand stems from the universal messages?

First and foremost, I didn't think it was universal; this is how I really feel. I have been surrounded with negativity all my life but what am I going to do? Kill myself? Instead I made some shit and it worked out. Going back to my mom, I think she's looking out.

Do you ever look at it like the world is paying you to go through therapy?

I never went through therapy but I do feel like what I'm creating right now is therapy for kids as well as me. I feel like I am a therapist to people but I need therapy. I guess I'm helping people and no one is really helping me.

Perhaps dating a therapist is the answer for you?

Funny you brought that up, somebody DM'd me and now we're talking. I'm not making this up, she's actually a psychiatrist. She's like, "I can be your personal shrink." Maybe that's what I'm missing; a therapist that's my girlfriend. It might work out.

Sometime there's exposure for a brand that is





unwelcome. Kim Kardashian wore your hat for a week straight. Were you psyched?

When I started this thing I had a certain group of people in mind; the weirdo kids. So those type of people isn't who I made this for. But obviously money comes from that so I embrace it. She's not that weird. I like weirdos.

I like weirdos too, but she has a fat ass.

See I'm not a fan of the ass. I like tits.

You back her tits over her ass?

No, no, no. Not her tits. I like small tits. Like Charlotte in this shoot.

Is there any part on Kim Kardashian you would take to a deserted island?

Nope. Nope, sorry. Nothing actually. Not even her personality. I'm bashing her right now, but thanks for wearing my hat.

“
**MAYBE THAT'S WHAT
I'M MISSING; A
THERAPIST THAT'S
MY GIRLFRIEND.**
”

But with that booty you have to think she takes it in the ass, right?

Yeah, I think so. Even DP.

DP for sure. Kanye and who? Kanye and you?

Nah. Know what? I wouldn't even do it. I'll take a photo. I'll stand a hundred feet away and zoom in but I wouldn't do it.

Did you ever think you'd be here, Neek?

My favorite word is foreshadowing. It's tattooed on my neck. For some reason all of the negative things in my life will be ok. I can overthink myself but I never would have thought I'd be where I am. Everything is positive now, which scares the shit out of me. Like, what's going to happen next year? Is everything going to go to shit?

What do you think the future holds for you?

I try not to think about it. What goes up must come down, right? And I don't want it to go down. It's scary.

In the end does the darkness win? Or the light?

The darkness, to be honest, because I think I'm still dreaming.

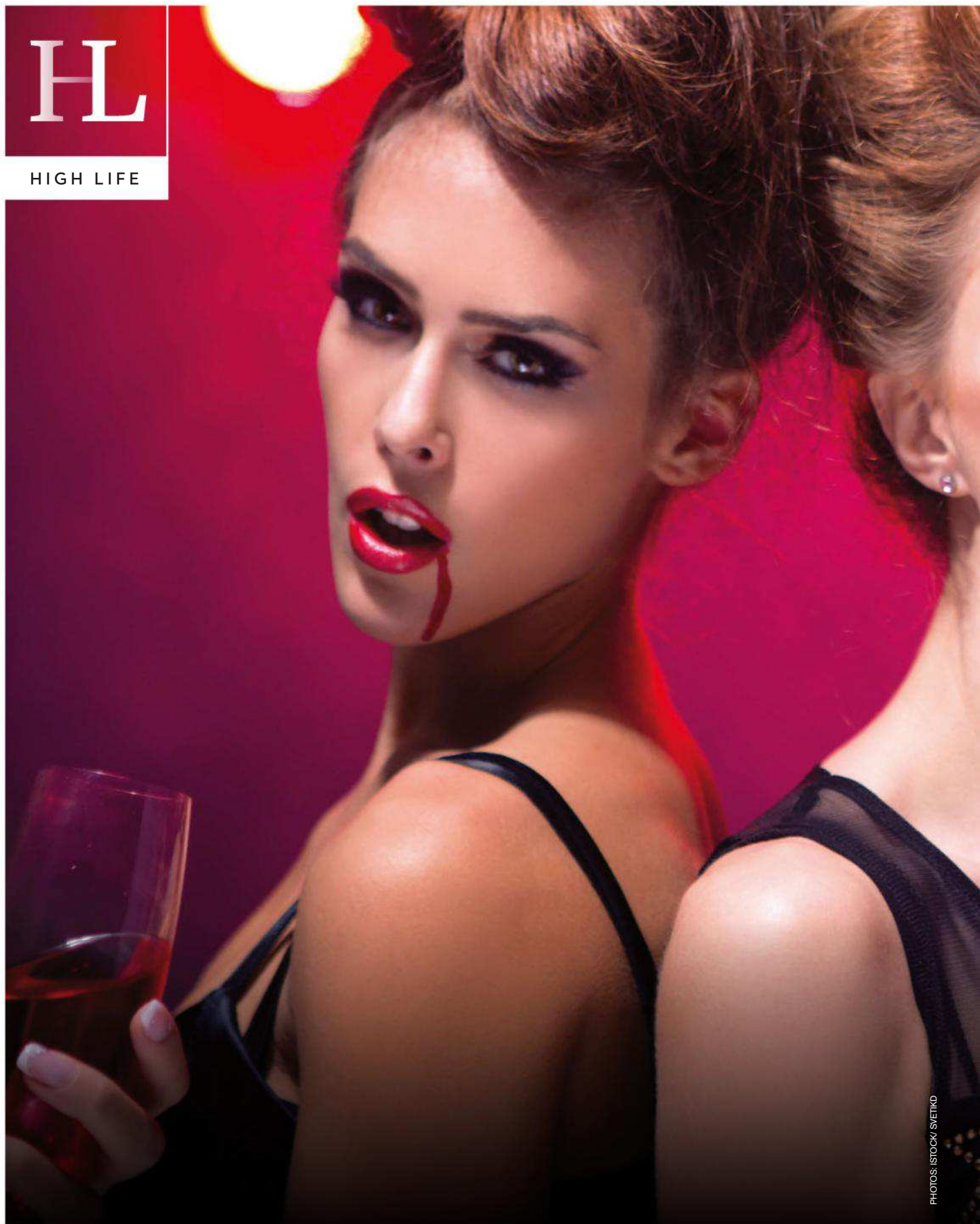
Well, it was nice knowing you, Neek.

Thanks. 🙌



HL

HIGH LIFE



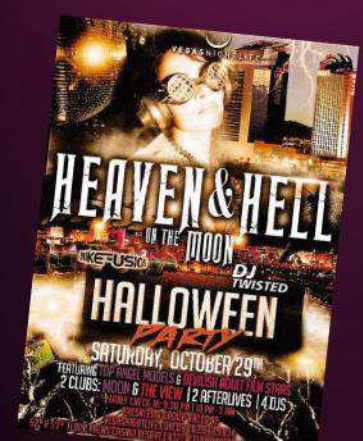
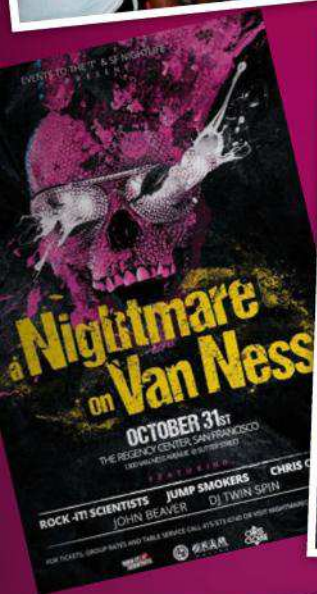
PHOTOS: ISTOCK/ SVETIKO

A close-up photograph of two women with dramatic makeup, including dark eye makeup and bright red lipstick. They have fake vampire fangs and a streak of red liquid (representing blood) running down the side of their mouths. They are both holding clear wine glasses filled with a red liquid. The background is a solid, vibrant red. The overall theme is Halloween and adult entertainment.

HOT TO DEATH

WE TAKE A LOOK AT THE NAUGHTIEST ADULTS-ONLY HALLOWEEN PARTIES ACROSS THE COUNTRY

WHERE most adult Halloween parties fail is a lack of attention to debauchery. Don't half-ass it as a sexy nurse—*whole*-ass it as a sexy naked nurse (just wear a stethoscope for authenticity). If we're all going to die, best to live it the fuck up right now, yes? *Penthouse* has assembled a master list of adults-only Halloween parties that pay special attention to what the holiday has become: an excuse to get very sexy and hedonistic because we could all be dead tomorrow.



➤ KING TUT'S TOMB

October 29 Egyptian Theatre, Hollywood, CA

Rated the No. 1 Halloween party in California every year by HalloweenLA.com, King Tut's Tomb is a nod to timeless upscale Tinseltown debauchery. You'll be pyramiding in your pants from the moment you enter the classic Hollywood courtyard, immersing yourself in a world of scantily-clad Cleopatras and Egyptian goddesses.. If you need a breather, head out to the heated outdoor terrace where you can chill out with your friends under the stars. If there's a group of you, consider going VIP and investing in a Ra Package (\$1850), as bottle service helps with those ancient clothing curses.

➤ HALLOWEEN AT UCSB

October 28—until your parents are called

University of California at Santa Barbara, Isla Vista, CA

Imagine Mardi Gras but with tanned and toned coeds with good oral hygiene. The beachside Isla Vista section of Santa Barbara pretty much shuts down for a series of street and private parties, parades, and debauchery that can only be explained by an 18-year-old's first real access to alcohol and no parent around to tell her that what she's wearing doesn't quite cover her vagina. How big is this party? Well, Snoop Dogg played there recently. There is a very good chance that anyone over 25 will be pegged as a cop or a parent or a creep, so unless you can "21 Jump Street" it, go somewhere else.

➤ A NIGHTMARE ON VAN NESS

October 29 The Regency Centre, San Francisco, CA

It's the biggest Halloween event in San Francisco with multiple levels and bars, sexy go-go dancers of all and indeterminate gender, a rotating roster of world-class house-music deejays, as well as state-of-the art light and sound production. A Nightmare on Van Ness is guaranteed to be a night you won't forget—unless you take advantage of the 4-hour "All You Can Drink" bar in the VIP mezzanine.

➤ FETISH AND FANTASY BALL

October 29 Hard Rock Hotel and Casino, Las Vegas, NV

It always surprises me that people actually live in Las Vegas, rather than fly or drive there cheaply from the rest of the country, but this event is one favored by both locals (who somehow got the night off) and interstate revelers. I mean, Vegas is an unabashed destination of unabashed scanty dressing, so a fetish party in Sin City really invites people to be creative with their almost-nudity.

➤ HEAVEN & HELL

October 29 Moon and The View, Las Vegas, NV

Las Vegas needs to constantly up the ante if it can legitimately call itself Sin City, so—lucky for us—this beloved flesh pit 50 floors up is yet another reason why the Sodom of the Desert has plenty of job security. Yes, there are sexy costumes, hookers on the prowl, booze, leftover melon body spray from thousands of lap dances, and things you might regret later, but the biggest sell of this bash is that even while you're debasing yourself, you're still looking down on everyone on the Strip.



➤ HALLOWEEN, NEW ORLEANS-STYLE

Halloween weekend

French Quarter, New Orleans, LA

Second only to Mardi Gras for public displays of scantily-clad ribaldry (which still places it at Number One in most parts of the country), the Big Easy's LGBT Halloween party in the French Quarter is one of those definitely-not-for-kids events that still feels wholesome, even if around every corner lurks a clandestine blowjob amidst the feathers and glitter. Benefiting Lazarus House, a residence for people living with AIDS, the LGBT Halloween party is filthy fun for a good cause.

➤ EXOTICA BALL

October 21 Boulder Theater, Boulder, CO

Something about the mountain altitude, the Venetian costume theme, and the kink-friendly attendees make this masquerade stand out in a state that is not necessarily known for an Anything Goes mentality. But you have to have superior lung capacity to perform a bondage suspension above masked revelers, which is why this event has a decidedly decadent reputation as a destination debauch.

➤ HALLOWEEN EROTICA BALL W/ LIZZIE CURIOUS

October 29 The Ritz, Houston, TX

There are tender, intimate Halloween parties in which you gently remove your new friend's Pikachu outfit and blow a load on her triangular mouth, and then there's a Dirty South-style hoedown in a 22,000-sq. ft. nightclub like Houston's Ritz. Now we love the street party atmosphere of 6th Street in Austin (Texas's Cool City), but something special happens in Republican strongholds around the corner from where the Bushes live: drunken, filthy abandon. You know what I mean. You kinda expect a party in nearby New Orleans or in Vegas to blow the roof off, sexually, but when a city known for a certain inhibition hosts a night like this, well, that's the place to be.

➤ MIAMI NICE YACHT PARTY

October 29 South Beach, Miami, FL

You know how we deal with megayachts and superyachts in the High Life section of this magazine and you say, "Well, yes, but I could never afford one"? Well here's your chance to party like a filthy sybarite without the cleanup costs afterward. The *South Beach Lady* sets sail for a decadent cruise around Miami with a ridiculous amount of flesh, booze, and pounding, oont-zy bass aboard. Yes, there's a prize for Sexiest Costume, but we bet the 50th runner-up is going to look pretty goddamn good, too. It's Miami.

➤ HALLOWEEN AT WEBSTER HALL

October 29 Greenwich Village, New York City, NY

To be fair, anyplace you go in New York City on Halloween Saturday is probably going to be a combination of grit and glitz from which you'll stagger away both tainted and exalted and short at least a quart of fluids. 5th-floor walkup *Jacob's Ladder*-style apartment party? You bet. Cocaine-and-Cristal-fueled hoity-toity masquerade in a hotel penthouse? Sounds great. Get to the Adults-only Halloween At Webster Hall.



PHOTOS: FR IMAGES



BAGUETTE



DOUCHEBAGUETTE

Todd Francis

DINING OUT

HOW TO EAT YOUR WAY AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE A SCHMUCK

YOU'RE generally pretty savvy when it comes to dining etiquette, right? But what if you find yourself in a restaurant on the other side of the world, and all of a sudden you've got people yelling at you in a language you don't understand, for something you didn't even realize you did wrong? Avoid looking like a tourist and dust up on a bit of local etiquette.

Japan

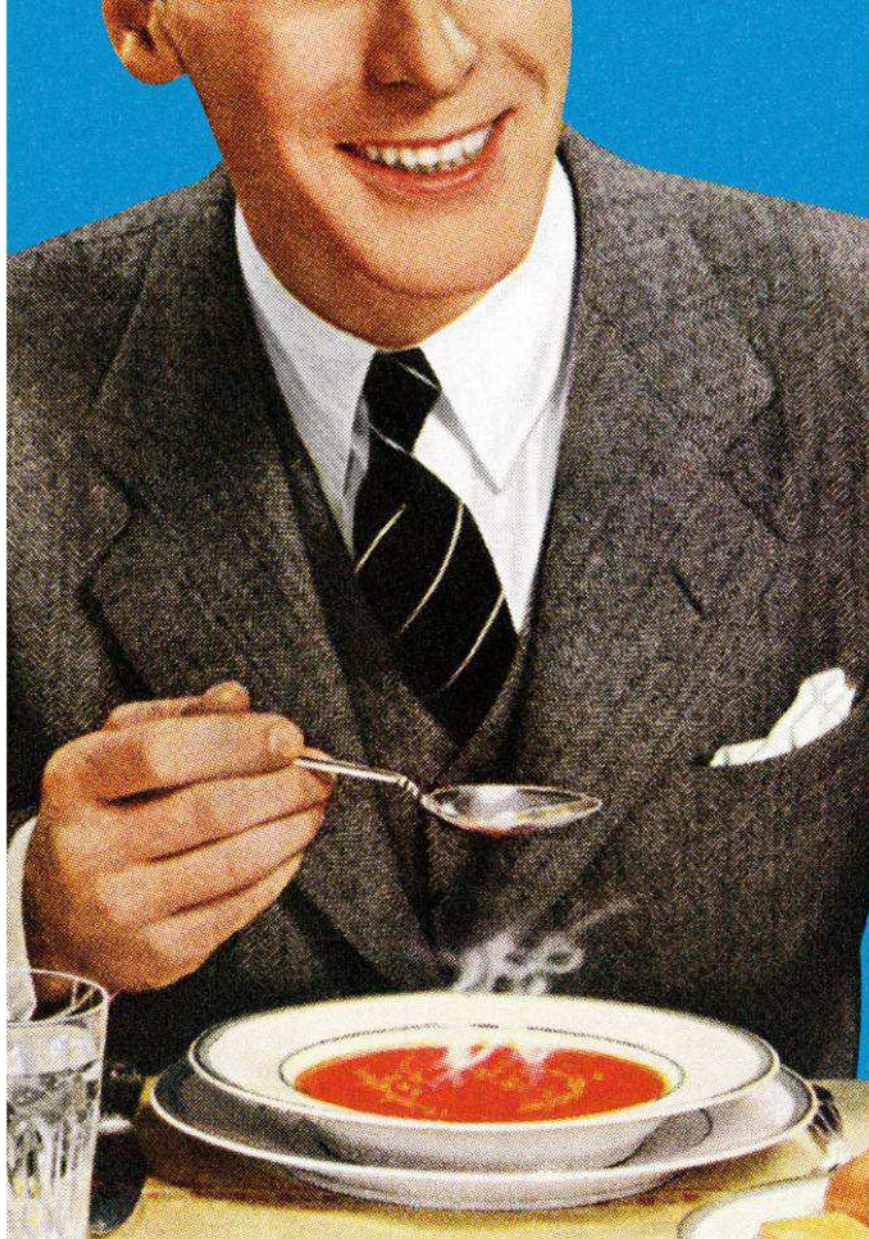
Good news! It's rare to tip staff in Japan, as it is seen as very rude, so don't do this. Also, chopstick etiquette is pretty rigid: don't lick them, cross them, or stick them vertically into the bowl. More good news—you're invited to slurp as much as you like. Spoons are not always provided and slurping sends your compliments to the chef, so slurp away.

Italy

Italians are widely considered to be warm, friendly people. But eat before the host says, "Buon appetito!" and it's your ass. Don't start your meal before you've been invited to. Also, don't ask for more cheese, however much you might want to, and only take it if it's offered. To make sure you're looked after (if you plan on going back), remember to leave a five to ten percent tip.

India

Make sure you're hungry, because leaving food on the plate is considered disrespectful. You should never waste good food. Do thoroughly wash your



AVOID LOOKING LIKE A TOURIST AND DUST UP ON A BIT OF LOCAL ETIQUETTE


hands before eating, because these will be your utensils (but you should be doing this regardless). Cutlery is rarely provided, but don't use your left hand to eat because it's thought to be unclean (hint: it's the wiping hand). Sharing is encouraged, so share away with fellow diners, just don't offer them food from your own plate.

China

Being punctual to a meal is considered very good manners in China, so get there on time. Also, dressing well is a sign of respect for your companions.

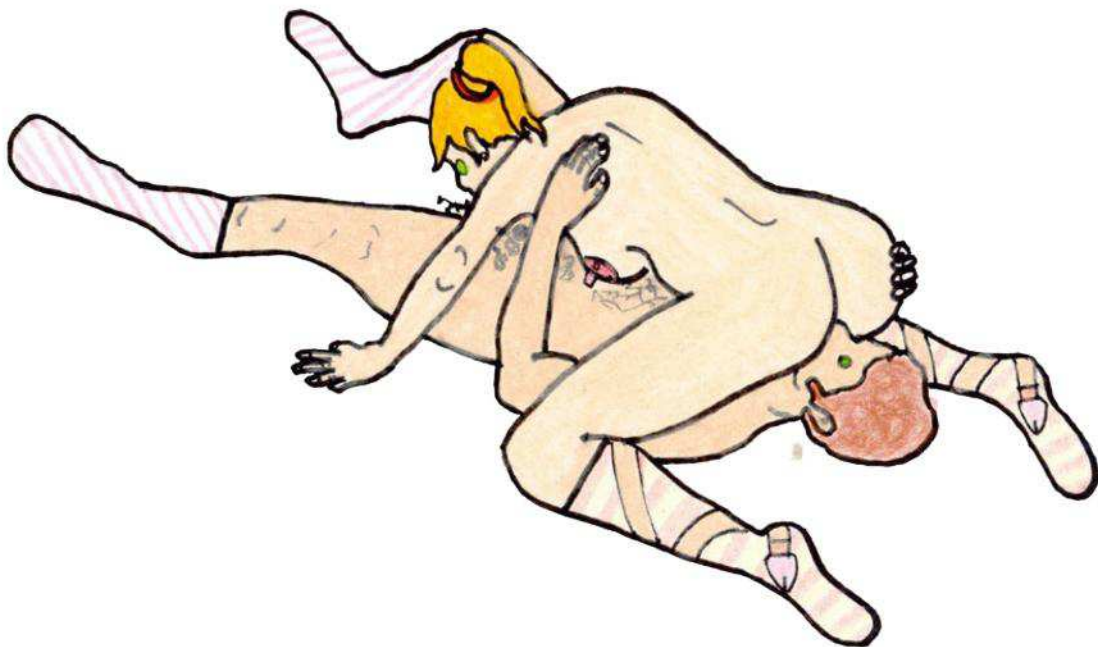
As with Japan, restaurants often have a no-tipping policy, so don't tip. Make sure you leave a small bit of food on your plate at the end of your meal, as doing this demonstrates your host's generosity. Also, feel free to burp loudly to show the chef how much you enjoyed the food.

France

As with Italy, eating before your host says, "Bon appetit!" is very offensive. Keep your hands visible. When not using your utensils, rest your wrists on the table, not your lap. Don't ever cut your lettuce (*sacré bleu!*). Leaves should be folded into a little bite-sized bit using your knife and fork. Most meals will come with delicious fresh bread, which you will want to bite straight into, but don't do it! Tear bits off instead. Afterwards, don't set the bread on your plate. Use the tablecloth instead. 

HALLOWEEN COSTUME IDEA 2016

STAY HOME AND DO THIS .



Porous Walker

GAP TAPS AND ASS SLAPS

BY NICK HAWK

I MADE the biggest decision of my life in 2010 when I chose to make a career out of being a full-time gigolo. It turned out to be the right move—I have a starring role on Showtime's unscripted series *Gigolos*, I'm well-traveled, and I get to live the life of a rock star (there's an instrument joke in here somewhere).

Recently, I visited Los Angeles because my booking manager, Garren, set me up with a married couple that had been trying to get me on their calendar for quite some time. I was waiting for them in the lounge of the London Hotel in West Hollywood. I spend a lot of time waiting for clients; I'm always early, but I enjoy it because I like people-watching. I make a game out of guessing who my clients are. I'm usually pretty good at picking them out. Then, something interesting happened—a total knockout walked into the lobby. It's rare that a girl catches my eye like this. She radiated sex appeal and effortlessly took over the room. Usually the room is mine, but it's cool. I don't mind competition.

that he leave, but I was so turned-on I went with it.

We launched into a rough make-out session and groped at each other wildly. Her husband seemed to enjoy this, and by now I knew he definitely wasn't leaving. I didn't care...at first. She and I made our way to the bed and undressed each other as fast as we could. My days of fumbling with buckles, snaps, and clasps are well behind me...and so were hers. Still, the guy was fixated on me, not his wife. Whatever. I was super turned-on and we were both ready to go. No foreplay, nothing. I grabbed a condom, unrolled it down my cock, and slid it into her. She was dripping wet. Usually, girls are much more nervous and need some warming up...or lubing up...or both. Not this one.

We took turns slamming and flipping each other over. It was like we were playing a game, laughing and having fun. I flipped her on her back and felt a firm slap on my ass. *Where did that come from?* Fuck. I'd forgotten he was still in the room. I instinctively smacked his hand away and scolded, "No!" as if reprimanding a dog. I quickly changed my position to block him from doing it

"I FLIPPED HER ON HER BACK AND FELT A FIRM SLAP ON MY ASS."

This goddess walked over to the table I was sitting at and said teasingly, "Do I know you?" I was thrown. If she booked me, then she would definitely know me. She smiled, tossed me my fee, extended her hand, and said, "Come with me."

I followed her to the elevator and up to her hotel room. Her husband was waiting inside. He was in his early fifties and looked Middle Eastern. I introduced myself and, like usual, they asked me a million questions. In turn, I tried asking a few of my own, but they didn't want to talk about themselves. There was a different energy in the room. Something strange was going on, but I couldn't put my finger on it. Usually, the man takes care of my fee on my dates with couples. Then, he'll tell me to take good care of his girl/wife. I'll assure him that she's in good hands, he'll politely excuse himself and leave. There was more than enough time for this to happen...but it didn't.

The man spoke highly of his trophy wife and spent an inordinate amount of time praising her features and beauty. It was bizarre. Then, wifey started to get a little bold. She rubbed my back, grazed her hand against my ass a few times, hugged me, and kissed me on my neck. She worked me up to the point where, if this guy didn't leave soon, he would get a show. I preferred

again. I spun the girl onto her hands and knees and gave her the ol' "Nick Hawk" signature (me on one knee, tagging her doggie-style while pressing her back down to an arch and tugging on her hair). We were both facing him, so she was acting as my human shield. But this guy's eyes were still on me. It was rough, but I'm a pro. I powered through and was able to finish.

The sex was really good, but I was hoping for a little more of a connection. Don't get me wrong—I can fuck like a champ, but I'm always looking for more than just a poke. Since the show was over, her husband got up and went to the bathroom. I asked her how long they'd been married and she laughed. "We're not married. I was hired like you."

The man returned and kicked her out somewhat abruptly. Then it was just me and this ass-slappy Middle Eastern dude. Turns out he's a sheik or a prince or something. Said he wanted to "be with me" (whatever that means) and offered to buy me a house and a pet tiger. He pulled his phone out and showed me a few videos of him playing with his own tiger. I swear, I was in the *Twilight Zone*. Sensing my discomfort, he offered to take me to a club in Hollywood. I went. I was still on the clock, and I was more than happy to get the fuck out of his hotel room.



Buzzed and popping Molly like an adolescent raver, Prince Sheik zipped down Sunset Boulevard in his half-million-dollar car. He was driving like a maniac. "It's cool," he said. "I have diplomatic plates so the cops can't pull me over." *Holy shit. What had I gotten myself into?* We pulled up to the club and were greeted by two massive security guys. They gave Prince Sheik a warm hello and walked us in, bypassing the very attractive Hollywood crowd standing in line. Table service. Bottles popped. Soon about a dozen effeminate young party boys circled the table, dancing, twirling, and trying to get noticed by Prince Sheik. He only wanted to pay attention to me. These

fuck-bois were not happy...and I wasn't totally comfortable with all of it, either.

A few of them recognized me from my TV show. Word was spreading and I wanted to bounce. Prince Sheik paid for an overnight, but I was done. I wished him good-night but he insisted on driving me back to my car. *Shit.*

By then he was super loaded and I was crazy uncomfortable with his driving. He put his hand on my knee and gave it a little squeeze. *Game over, homey.* I told Prince Sheik to pull over, thanked him for the fun night, and jumped out. *Bye-bye house. Bye-bye tiger.* ☪



MISCHIEF NIGHT

October 2016 Pet of the Month Mia Malkova gets the blood flowing to our Halloweenies just in time for All Saints' Eve. And while this 5'7" firecracker did us a favor by completely abandoning her costume, we still think she should have dressed up like a pirate. You know, because of her booty. Shiver me timbers that was (candy) corny. We should have gone with poop deck.

Photographers: TommyO & Tammy Sands

A full-page photograph of a blonde woman with long, wavy hair, sitting on a kitchen counter. She is topless, wearing an open white button-down shirt. She is holding a red strawberry in her mouth with her right hand. Her left hand rests on her right thigh. She has a navel piercing. The background shows wooden kitchen cabinets and a stainless steel kettle on the counter.

**“MY FAVORITE
PART OF MY
JOB IS ALL
OF THE SEXY
PEOPLE I GET
TO BANG.”**







**"I LOVE TAKING
BATHS AND USING
THE JETS IN MY TUB
TO MASTURBATE."**











**“I WOULD LOVE TO BE A
CONTORTIONIST FOR CIRQUE
DU SOLEIL. IT’S INCREDIBLE
WHAT THEY CAN DO WITH
THEIR BODIES.”**







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CH  MIA MALKOVA OCTOBER 2016 PET OF THE MONTH

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✂ MIA MALKOVA OCTOBER 2016 PET OF THE MONTH





Vital Stats:

34-26-38

5'7"

24 years old

Hometown:

Palm Springs, CA

What is your biggest turn on?

The biggest turn on? A sense of humor.

Humor! Yes! Describe your ideal man.

Funny, affectionate, passionate, and adventurous. That would be ideal.

You realize that you are describing me, right?

6'4", handsome, muscular, 8-9 inch penis... anywhere from 30-35 years of age.

Damn, Mia, that's cold-blooded. Do you have a special fantasy with this ideal man who clearly isn't me?

It's actually quite silly. I imagine I'm a mermaid and I get captured by this pirate captain who (most of the time) looks like my husband Danny Mountain. We have very rough sex on a tropical beach somewhere.

Husband?!?!? This keeps getting worse!

Could you ever be faithful to one man?

No. Not really.

Woo hoo!

I always want to keep my relationships open so I can have sex with as many gorgeous females as I want. I also like to swing with other couples.

SEE MORE OF MIA MALKOVA AT
PENTHOUSE.COM



MAN OF MANY TALENTS

ETHAN HAWKE IS AN ACTOR, A NOVELIST, A SCREENWRITER, AND A DIRECTOR. THIS YEAR, HE WILL FEATURE IN AN INDIE BIOPIC FILM ABOUT CHET BAKER AS WELL AS A BLOCKBUSTER REMAKE OF *THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN*. HE IS LIVING PROOF THAT YOU CAN BE A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES AND STILL BE A MASTER OF MANY.

ETHAN Hawke has never made it easy on himself. He has long endured glorious existential struggles in his pursuit of authenticity: It's not enough for him to be good at what he does—he needs to feel that his work has the kind of integrity that adds definition and context to his world.

As soon as Hawke greets you, there's an unmistakable sense of his artistic passion mingled with a general air of anxiety and restlessness. Hawke smiles easily and nervously, and speaks with a rare candor and enthusiasm. These days he's especially proud of his new film, *The Magnificent Seven*, a remake of the 1960 John Sturges western, which was based on Akira Kurosawa's 1954 epic, *Seven Samurai*.

The Magnificent Seven follows seven gunslingers who come together to defend a small town against a corrupt industrialist. The film reteams Hawke with his *Training Day* director Antoine Fuqua and costar Denzel Washington, alongside Chris Pratt and Vincent D'Onofrio. Washington plays a John Wayne-style western hero while Hawke is cast as a former rebel soldier.

"I've always tried to find the best roles," Hawke says. "The size of the movie is only important when it comes to how much money you think you need to make at certain points in your life, and [to give] you enough leverage to keep making more films. *The Magnificent Seven* is by far the biggest-budget Hollywood movie I've ever done, and also one of the best. I loved getting back on a set with Denzel and Antoine, who puts his own stamp on the story as opposed to just



FROM TOP: Hawke with Julie Delpy in *Before Sunrise* (1995) where Hawke's collaboration with director Richard Linklater all started, With Lorelei Linklater, and Ella Coltrane in *Boyhood* (2014); and as Goodnight Robicheaux in the upcoming remake of *The Magnificent Seven* from director Antoine Fuqua



doing a straight remake. I'm incredibly proud of this film."

And over the course of forty-plus films, Hawke can lay claim to four Oscar nominations, including one for 2014's *Boyhood*. In addition to acting, he's published two novels, directed three features, and coauthored the screenplays for Richard Linklater's *Before Sunrise* trilogy, films that have become the object of cult worship amongst cinephiles.

Hawke, 45, lives in New York City with his second wife, Ryan, and their two daughters, Clementine, 8, and Indiana, 5. He also has two children, Maya, 18, and Levon, 14, from his previous marriage to actress Uma Thurman. In addition to this autumn's release of *The Magnificent Seven*, Hawke has another western coming out this fall, *In a Valley of Violence*, directed by Ti West, and costarring John Travolta. It hits theaters October 21.

Ethan, you're best known for your acting career, but you're also a writer who's published two novels (*The Hottest State* and *Ash Wednesday*), and a director (*Chelsea Walls*)...

Yeah, my agents are always telling me to

I have with my wife and our children. I've become a better man and a better father over time, and I'm so grateful for the kind of support and understanding my wife gives me and how good we feel about our life together.

I don't know if one really ties in to the other, but I also feel that I'm doing some of the best work of my career, and I'm very happy with the films I've been making the last few years. It's been very encouraging and gratifying, and in some ways it's restored my faith in acting and what I always set out to do in this business.

Have you changed your approach to acting and the business over the years?

When I was younger, it was all about getting the role and then finding the next one. Now the pleasure I get from my work is finding the right project and then committing to it. I feel happiest during the process of making the film, and when the shooting is over, I always feel a bit sad.

You've done many significant films, but your trilogy of films with Richard Linklater as well as last year's *Boyhood* has been a kind of defining point in your career.

I am particularly grateful to Richard

"IF YOU ISOLATE YOURSELF AND DON'T LET YOURSELF BE PRETTY MUCH A HUMAN BEING, THEN YOU STAGNATE YOUR OWN GROWTH, PARTICULARLY IF YOU HAD STARTED ACTING AT 13 LIKE I DID."

stay a little more focused. But there's a great Shaker expression: "If you improve in one talent, God will give you more." And then there's that Zen expression which essentially says: "To master one profession, you have to apprentice three."

I always felt it would be beneficial to my life as an actor to explore directing and writing and other things. If you isolate yourself and don't let yourself be pretty much a human being, then you stagnate your own growth, particularly if you had started acting at 13 like I did.

Your career has enjoyed some ups and downs, but things seem to be better than ever now for you. How do you feel about everything today?

The best thing is the kind of beautiful life

Linklater for having given me this long, continuing story that has left such a deep impression on audiences, as well as on me. Those three films, *Before Sunrise*, *Before Sunrise*, *Before Midnight*, which began in 1995, have been milestones in my life. When I look back at those films, I think of my marriages, separations, periods of despair, and a long process of figuring things out in my life.

This year audiences will see you in two very different films—*Born to be Blue* and *The Magnificent Seven*. Do you feel the need to keep your hand in both the indie and mainstream Hollywood studio universes?

I've always been allergic to American projects that are obsessed with money as being the be-all and end-all of what

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constitutes a successful human being. I'm more interested in projects that have less to do with glamorizing and more to do with honest behavior.

Magnificent Seven is something that we've been talking about doing for a long time. I remember going to the premiere of *The Equalizer* [starring Denzel Washington and directed by Antoine Fuqua], and that's when they told me they were going to do the remake. They wanted to know if I would be interested in joining them and I told them that I definitely wanted in!

Was there a special feeling to being part of this classic story?

I remember being out in the desert riding horses with Denzel, and this beautiful feeling came over me about working on an epic Hollywood western in the style of John Ford. It was awesome!

I've always loved the westerns, and I thought that Antoine had a great take on the genre about bringing together all these very different badass types. I thought it was so amazing to see Denzel playing a John Wayne kind of figure as an African-American who comes from the North. We also have a legendary Korean actor, Byung-hun Lee, who plays James Coburn's part; and Vincent D'Onofrio, a crazy Italian character; and a Mexican actor, Manuel Garcia-Rulfo; and me as a former Confederate soldier.

Your other film, *Born to Be Blue*, sees you play the legendary jazz trumpeter Chet Baker. What was that experience like for you?

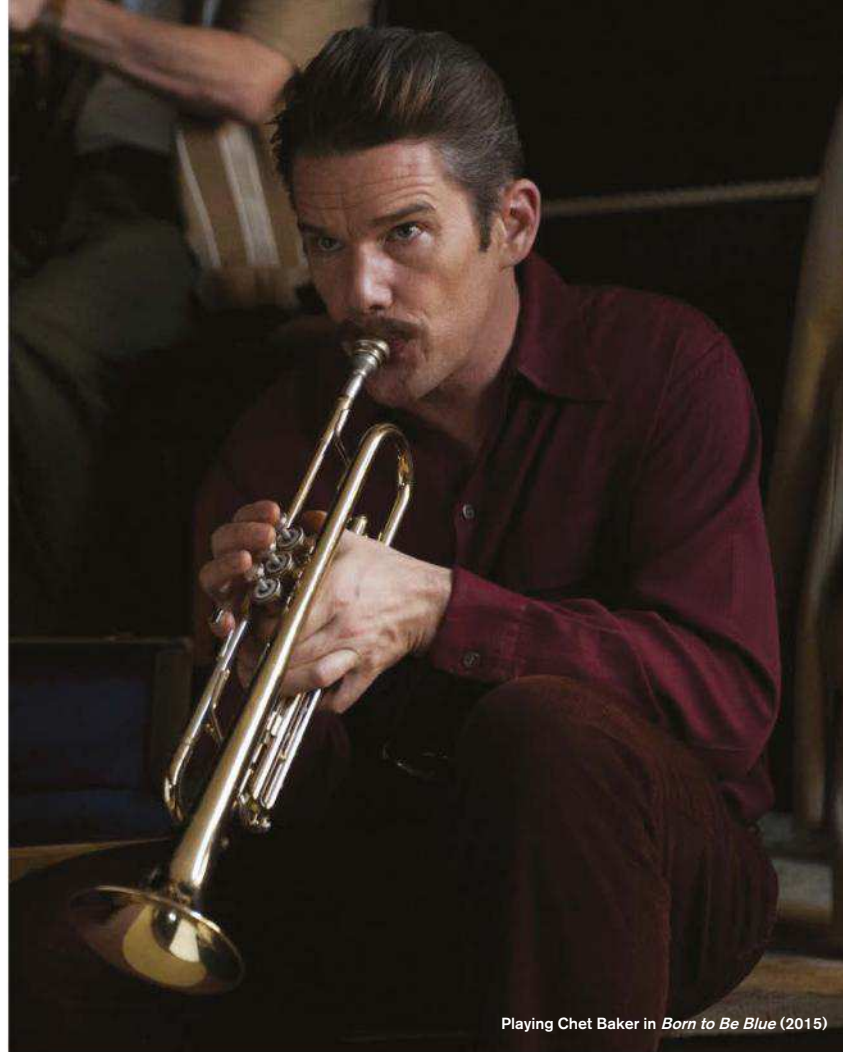
It was a dream for me to be able to play Chet Baker... I've been doing this for a long time, and so when you're well-cast for something, it makes it easier to do a good job, because you so enjoy the role.

I love music so much. I loved Chet Baker. I loved learning the trumpet. I loved learning about whatever made him tick.

He was a very troubled kind of musical genius, wasn't he?

I feel like I've spent much of my life around people like that who suffered from addiction. That's a world that has fascinated me pretty much my whole life. To understand that kind of addiction, you have to understand to an extent the jazz culture of that time, when after the [Second World] War there were so many drugs on the street.

The reality is that a lot of people who were serious about music were doing drugs and felt strongly that it was fun to play on them, because they could



Playing Chet Baker in *Born to Be Blue* (2015)

“I’VE ALWAYS BEEN ALLERGIC TO AMERICAN PROJECTS THAT ARE OBSESSED WITH MONEY AS BEING THE BE-ALL AND END-ALL OF WHAT CONSTITUTES A SUCCESSFUL HUMAN BEING.”

keep their focus, yet lose themselves. A lot of Chet's heroes—Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Miles Davis—were known users. [Drugs] were almost like a badge of honor.

If you're going to make a movie about a jazz musician, it should have that air, that mood, that timbre, that feeling you have when you're lying down and listening to a couple of Chet Baker records.


You're the father of four children. Do you ever talk to them about drugs?

A father can keep telling his kids how insidious and dangerous drugs are, but the only thing that matters is the example you set. There is nothing that kids find more irritating than when older people like me tell them what to do or what not to do. I try to show my children how to be happy and I hope that influences

their choices and behavior in the best possible way.

Do you give your children any specific kind of advice?

I'm often talking to them about how they should try to engage in life, to do things even if it's hard or something you might not feel you have a gift for. I always remember when, as a boy, I left with a group of friends for a coast-to-coast trip across America.

I thought, *It's going to be great when we get to San Francisco*. Then you get there and you start thinking that the Grand Canyon is the place you really need to see, then Texas. But when you get home you realize that the fun has always been in taking the journey and it's the journey itself which is the most important thing. 

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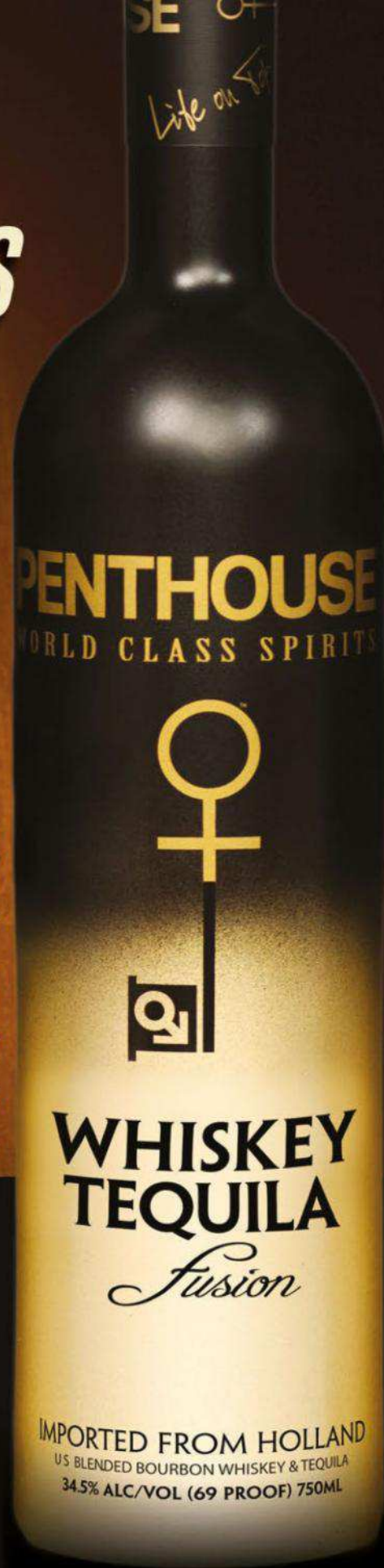
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How about you depart your wretched hive of scum and villainy and voyage to a place where no man has gone before, the Middle Earth-like vagscapes of our cosplay cuties? Hop aboard your invisible jet and...fuck it. You get it.

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COLUMN

SHE COMES FIRST

A HOW-TO GUIDE ON MAKING HER MOAN FOR MORE.

GNAWING on roast beef. Wearing the sticky beard. Cleaning the fish tank. Regardless of what you call it, you gotta do it...and you might as well do it well. Giving your girl a proper tongue-lashing is a surefire way to keep her coming (heh heh) back for more.

Here are a few tips to help you level up your skills in going down.

🤔 EVERY BODY IS DIFFERENT

What made your ex-girlfriend flood the backseat of your first car might make your current lady friend yawn. It's all about paying attention to the subtle moans, twitches, gasps, giggles, and other sexy cues and clues she might give while you're doing the deed. Also, don't be afraid to ask what she likes.

😄 BE ENTHUSIASTIC

It was either Yoda or Lao Tzu who said, "A reluctant tongue does not a wet pussy make." (*Editor's note: Neither one of them actually said anything remotely close to that. Ever!*). Let her feel how badly you want her by pulling her body up to your face. Admire her. Inhale her. Run your hands down her body. Kiss the insides of her thighs. Divide her with your tongue.

Let her know you're crazy for her, but ...

🐱 BE A TEASE

Don't rush! Tease her with your lips by lightly running them over her skin. Anticipation is your friend. Avoid making a mad stampede for her clitoris and pay attention to everywhere but there until she's a writhing wet mess. Be gentle and

her clitoris repeatedly—there are nerve endings all around it that should not be neglected.

👐 GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY

Before you put your fingers anywhere near her, make sure you've trimmed your nails. Take the experience to another level for her by sliding in a finger or two

LICK FIRMLY AND SAVOR HER. YOU WANT TO CONTINUE TO GO SLOW, THOUGH, AND AVOID BEING A BULL IN A VAGINA SHOP.

keep it simple—avoid acrobatic tongue tricks (this isn't Cirque du Soleil). Tease her until she's practically begging you and then slowly press your lips to hers ...

😬 APPLY PRESSURE

After you have thoroughly teased her, apply a decent amount of pressure with your tongue. Lick firmly and savor her. You want to continue to go slow, though, and avoid being a bull in a vagina shop. Gently suck but don't treat her pussy like you're a vacuum cleaner. Keep your teeth to yourself and don't just lap at

while you lick her clit. Be slippery and agile and always with lubricated fingers. Don't finger-fuck her cervix into oblivion (unless she's into that).

😬 BE CONSISTENT

When it comes to orgasmic oral sex, consistency is key. As things heat up and she's giving off those telltale signs of impending orgasm (the moans, the fingers in your hair pulling you closer, the desperation to climax), don't change what you're doing in terms of pacing, and resist the urge to speed up. 🏊‍♂️



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THE GOP CONVENTION? BE AFRAID

LET'S MAKE AMERICA 1856 AGAIN
BY STEVE FABER

THE GOP wrapped up its 2016 convention this summer. Being a political junkie, a word junkie, and a storyteller, I found the convention lacking in all. Politics, words, and stories. I did, however, find the convention—in particular Donald Trump's acceptance speech—ripe with theme and meaning. That theme, that meaning? Be afraid, white people. Be very afraid.

Why? (And these are Trump's thoughts, not mine. I'm channeling.) The country is changing. Hell, it has changed. And a political platform, the plank the candidate runs on during a presidential year, is reflective of two things: the issues that hit that candidate's minions in the gut, and that candidate's own psychology. And both reflections spell c-h-a-n-g-e. But the nagging questions remain: (1) Do you recognize the change to begin with? (2) Are you happy with said change? And (3) If you recognize the change and are grossly unhappy with that change, how far are you willing to go to unchange it?

The last of these points used to be serviced by a silly and naïve notion known as “going back to the good old days.” And if you listened to the speakers at the convention, it's a notion that many Republicans still embrace. The problem is that the GOP party, or at least those who showed up in Cleveland, is so deeply removed from what those “good old days” were, that they might as well exist on a faraway planet, in a galaxy we've yet to discover.

Therein lies the problem with the good old days. If you can't define what they are, then attempting to heal the current mess by embracing them is a zero-sum game. It's as if somewhere out in the ether, there existed this ideal time and place, inhabited by a man and woman, their 2.5 children, their banal problems, their nonexistential anxieties...and a housekeeper. You see it sometimes when you're channel surfing and you come across a 57-year-old film or a vapid sitcom in black and white.

Even in my teens, as I watched Ronald Reagan campaign for the presidency, and it was quite clear—coming less than a decade after Vietnam, the countless protests surrounding that war, an environmental movement, the feminist movement—Reagan wanted to take us back to a “happy place.” *Just put aside your angst and forget about all the internal turmoil. Bake a pie. Okay, if you don't want to wear a bra, don't wear a bra...just don't make a spectacle of yourself.*

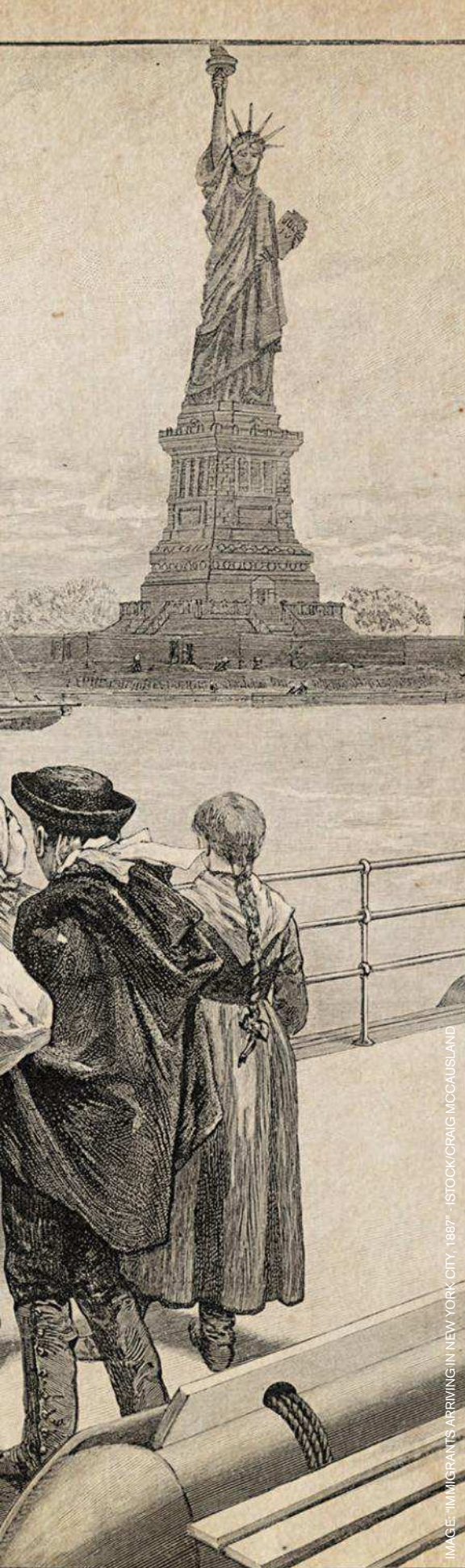
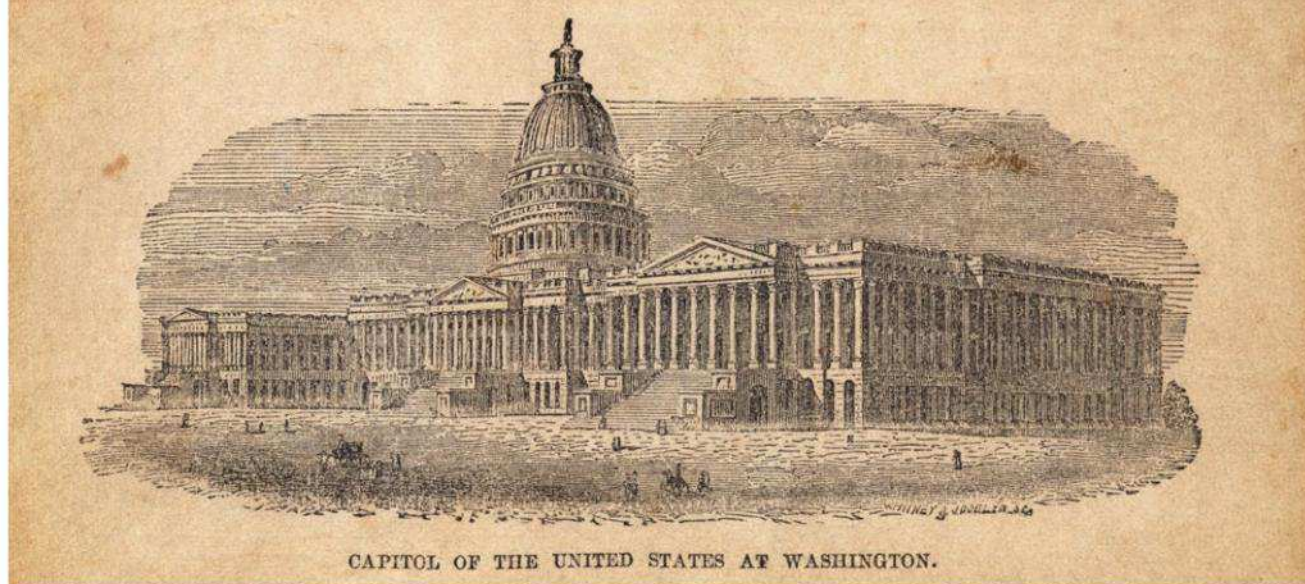


IMAGE: IMMIGRANTS ARRIVING IN NEW YORK CITY, 1887 - ISTOCK/CRAIG MCCOULAND



And in some odd, ill-definable way, Reagan, after his election—to the happiness of some and the consternation of many—achieved this fiction. We became proud and patriotic, our obsession with deregulated markets and our warthoglike obsession with money seemed to smooth things over.

That was 36 years ago. And in those 36 years, something quite profound happened. People on both the right and the left started to realize it was all Jell-O and instant pudding. We were getting screwed. Horrific trade deals that gave us ultracheap commodities we didn't need; a savings and loan scandal that decimated the middle class; Desert Storm, a war that George H.W. Bush conjured up to try to make us happy again. (Wars makes us "happy" if they don't last long and we're victorious.) That one didn't work out so well for Poppy Bush.

Moreover, it gave us perhaps the most grueling decade of our existence as a nation: September 11, 2001; another war (the "good one"); still another war (the "debatable one," which we're still fighting); and arguably the largest financial meltdown of our banking system in history.

So where to go for answers? The natural place would have seemingly been back to 1980, when Reagan was elected president and we deluded ourselves into a false sense of hope—a faux happiness, so to speak. We probably knew at the time, those of us around, that we were writing a check we couldn't cash, but so be it. We'd deal with it when we absolutely had to deal with it.

The problem was that the Reaganite bromides, circa 2015-2016, didn't do a damn thing to ease our now very apparent existential crisis. So we did what most civilizations do when things begin to turn to shit: We other-ized. *This wasn't our fault. Somebody did this to us.*

An individual who paints an entire group with a broad brush is a xenophobe or a racist. However, a person who shares a common belief system with thousands of other like-minded paranoid freaks is a political party (or at least a large part of a political party). Enter the GOP.

Now, I'm a reasonably well-educated man. I can pretty much assure you that trade deals which leave you...fucked...are the responsibility of the party in power and the representatives who

A PERSON WHO SHARES A COMMON BELIEF SYSTEM WITH THOUSANDS OF OTHER LIKE-MINDED PARANOID FREAKS IS A POLITICAL PARTY.

Think of 1980-2016 as a time our nation suffered a deep and dire depression...and then all of sudden it lost its dog. *Why did Fluffy have to die? He was such a good boy. And, sure, my life is and has been shit for the last few decades, but why take Fluffy? He never hurt anyone...* Fluffy's metaphoric death was the straw that, over a ten-year period of time, broke the back of the nation's mental health.

Grief-stricken and desperate, we needed answers and we needed them quickly. And we decided to flip the ancient axiom on its head: The fault, dear Brutus, lay not with ourselves, but with the stars.

We flooded ourselves with otherworldly conspiracy theories: the Birthers, the Truthers, the One-World Government-ers, the people who believe that Hollywood's spate of alien movies is simply an attempt to prepare us for a one-world government led by space aliens. The list goes on. I personally blame it on the 2007-2008 banking crisis. (Banking, unless you took a course in the history of banking, seemed like the one comfort zone everyone could rely on. Like Grandma's Bundt cake. But after that disaster, even Grandma didn't believe in her Bundt cake anymore.)

negotiate said trade deals. However, I can absolutely assure you that those "got fucked" trade deals are not the responsibility of this country's 11.5 million undocumented workers. Similarly, the nightmarish terrorist attacks across the world are the responsibility of those (some) who view their faith through a sixth-century lens. It's not the fault of 150,000 immigrants begging for a chance at some semblance of a normal life in the United States.

Which brings me full-circle to the GOP Convention. Donald Trump is the nominee of the Republican Party. He makes no bones about the futility of harkening back to the Reagan years. People have had enough and are just not going to buy it.

No, Trump wants to take you back further. To a convention where things like "safe spaces," "date rape," and "LGBTQ" don't exist, or if they did, they were hushed up with a hearty switch that was pulled from the branch of an elm tree.

What I gleaned from this convention is that Donald Trump and many (most?) of his supporters don't want to Make America Great Again.

They want to Make America 1856 again. ☹️

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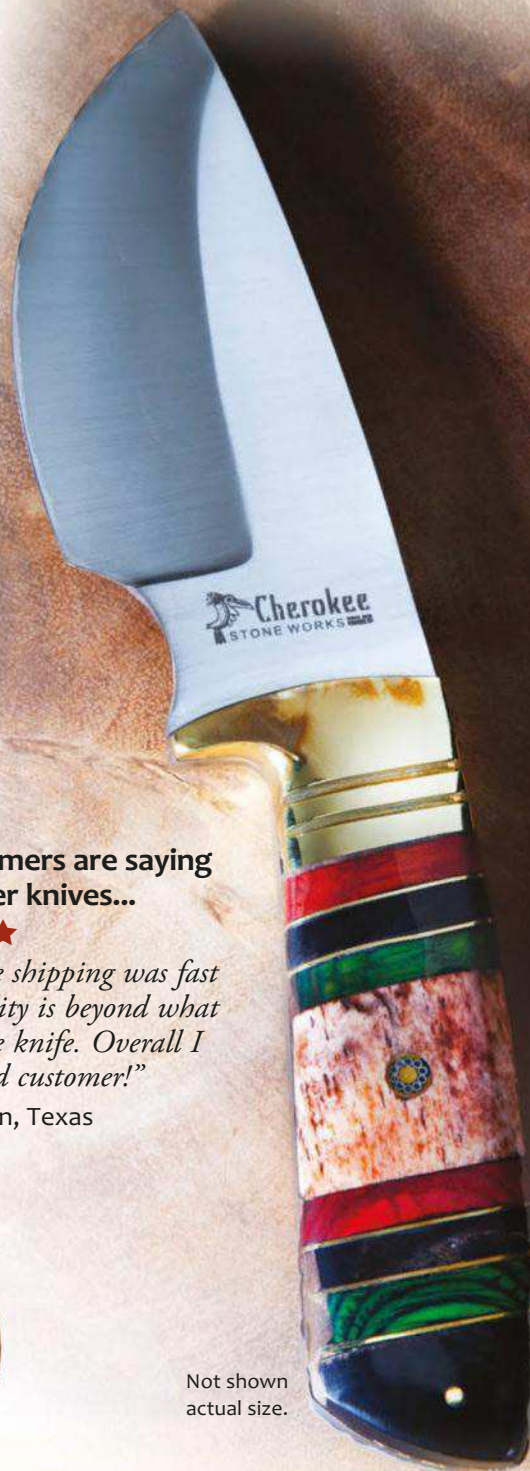


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PRISON PORN: REGULATE IT, DON'T CONFISCATE IT.

BY MARTY BARRETT

OCCASIONALLY, long-time readers of *Penthouse* choose to cancel their subscriptions. Some think that our humble publication doesn't go far enough, while others aren't fully on board with our editorial direction. But it's shocking to us when the reason is nudity. Correctional facilities around the country—which house a population that needs the stress relief of nudity the most—seem to feel this way, and have declared *Penthouse* and similar (but lesser) publications “inappropriate” for prisoner use. We wanted to know why.

“At Christmas, before [the Massachusetts Department of Corrections] started cracking down, we'd actually distribute porn mags to inmates to pacify them,” says Al Murphy (not his real name), a retired prison guard who worked at MCI-Norfolk, the state's largest medium-security prison. “They'd keep those magazines for years.”

So why was there was a crackdown?

“[The magazines] were like money,” Murphy says. “This for that. And the state didn't think inmates should be ‘rewarded’ by having a *Penthouse* or *Playboy* or two.”

Skin mags and other nudity delivery systems are also seen as evidence of larger rackets—the currency prisoners use for drugs, protection, “nefarious

acts,” and other services. Not only that, but men's magazines like this one, once considered simple tools of stress relief and condoned by wardens and corrections officers, are increasingly banned because it's believed they contribute to a hostile work environment.

“I think some female guards complained,” Murphy says, admitting he never worked with female guards.

An actual female corrections officer (C.O.) from Texas (who refused to be named or identify her facility) doesn't think porn magazines should be banned. She says bluntly, “I would never complain about porn magazines making a hostile work environment. I'd rather have [inmates] jerking off to a magazine than jerking off to me, because that is the number-one complaint of female guards.” She adds, “And while we'd definitely take away phones—because those could be

used for all sorts of bad reasons—we know the nudie magazines actually calm the guys down.”

You'd think that there would be more of an attempt to prove harm (or potential harm) when justifying the banning of something, such as pornography. A 2015 study by UCLA neuroscientists concluded that the brain on porn did not behave the way the brain on drugs did. Measuring Late Positive Potential (LPP), an indicator of emotional response, scientists determined that the brain of a cocaine addict responded a certain way to an image of cocaine, but no such reaction was evident among a large sample of people exposed to pornographic images. So the porn-as-contraband idea seems to exist solely on the basis of comforting guards and disrupting the prison economy (while conspiring to enlarge the prostates of inmates).

As you can imagine, that doesn't mean porn isn't all over our jails, finding its way into prison populations in other, often ingenious, ways. “I got an SD card full of porn in the filling of an Oreo cookie once,” writes an ex-con on the PrisonTalk.com forum. “At least that's what I thought it had on it. It didn't work.”

Prison is many things to Americans: a source of housing for a greater percentage of the population than any industrialized country (according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics,

the U.S. incarcerated 1.5 million of its adult men and women in local jails, state facilities, and federal prisons at the end of 2014, not counting juvenile detention centers, reservation jails, and Immigration and Customs Enforcement facilities); a major public and private employer (the Bureau of Labor Statistics counted nearly half a million bailiffs and C.O.s in 2014); and big business for private firms making billions in contracts running prisons for states saving money on employee-benefits packages.

Incarceration in America is a cultural touchstone, too. Prison films from *Cool Hand Luke* to *The Shawshank Redemption* and TV shows from *Oz* to *Orange Is the New Black* (not to mention all their X-rated variants) are such a part of American culture it's no wonder a stay at the Graybar Hotel isn't much of a deterrent to crime. After

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**THE STATE DIDN'T
THINK INMATES
SHOULD BE
'REWARDED' BY HAVING
A PENTHOUSE OR
PLAYBOY OR TWO.**
,

all, if Morgan Freeman can survive prison, so can you.

(It should be mentioned that when protagonist Andy Dufresne takes over the prison library in Stephen King's novella *Rita Hayworth and the Shawshank Redemption*, the shelves are stocked with "fuck-books." That was a pretty happy prison library, in general.)

If the United States is the world's largest source of incarcerated citizens, it is also by far its largest trafficker of porn (Rwanda doesn't even come close). It seems that porn and prison are uniquely American and, though we try to force them apart, they are (unfortunately) as inseparable as church and state.

Officer Bill Valdez* of the LAPD knows that one thing is for certain. "A person's sexual desires don't just stop once he gets locked up," he says. A former reporter for an L.A.-area daily newspaper, Valdez signed into L.A.'s massive Men's Central Jail one day in 2015 to interview an inmate. Men's Central is one of the largest jail complexes in the world, an overcrowded warren that opened in 1963 and that has since expanded into a sizable chunk of downtown Los Angeles, holding as many as 17,000 convicts and prisoners awaiting trial. Notable guests have included Sean Penn and Richard Pryor. Like all correctional facilities in California, Men's Central bans the possession of pornographic material.

"I noticed that [an inmate] had a folded-up newspaper in his hand," Valdez says, "and I told him I was happy he supported my old employer. But it happened to be a full-page picture of Katy Perry in concert. 'She's really pretty,' the inmate said. I figured out pretty quickly that he wasn't reading the news. He was just clutching that picture." Valdez goes on, "It's fairly illustrative of the fact that if people are willing to jack off to the newspaper, there's a pretty strong urge there."

French author and jurist Nina Califano agrees. In her book *Sexualité Incarcérée* she writes, "Prison can be incredibly frustrating: you can't open doors by yourself, you can't see your loved ones. And so the consequences of the absence of sexuality are considerable...can we, fighting recidivism with the aim of the rehabilitation of the convict, [not see that] what is taking place during the execution of the sentence is a major deconstruction of the individual?"

But is preventing jailhouse porn "a major deconstruction of the individual"? Or is removing a visual aid to masturbation (that's bound to happen anyway) merely an inconvenience?

A personal story: Before we became parents, my kids' mother and I just couldn't seem to conceive. We'd been conspiring for six whole months after we'd removed the goalie (following years of individually trying not to impregnate or become pregnant). Finally we decided that I should get my swimmers tested.

Being someone whose only impression of prison was gleaned from *Raising Arizona*, I had a decidedly media-fed picture of a fertility clinic. I legitimately expected a nice, quiet, carpeted room containing various paper and digital aids to coax forth my specimen. And I would be led there by a hot nurse that looked like Janine Lindemulder on that Blink-182 album. After all, this was a fraught time and I'd need to be relaxed.

I couldn't have been more wrong. I arrived at the dingy, fluorescent-lit North Hollywood clinic and entered a waiting room with a bunch of unwed mothers and their screaming kids. I was given a plastic collection cup and told to go to a room down the hall. This room turned out to be the unisex lavatory. There was nothing to look at beyond an unsexy Norman Rockwell print above the toilet. The only soundtrack was the wail of the brats outside, each of whom seemed to say, "You don't really want this." Without anyone to help or anything to look at, I completed my standing jerk in about 20 minutes, interrupted twice by the knocking of the impatient lab guy at the other side of the door.

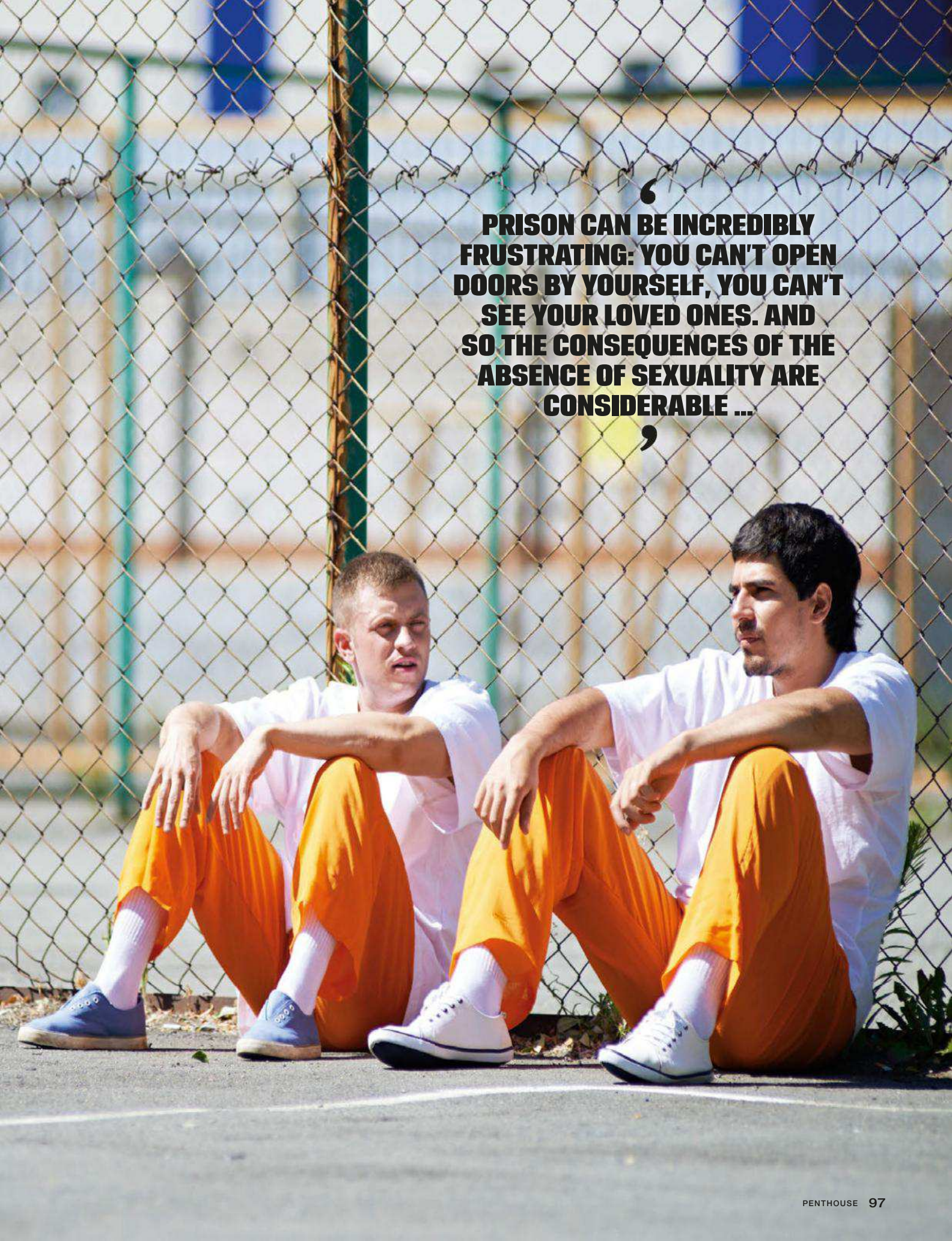
Turns out nothing was wrong with either myself or my children's mother. But I'll go on record as saying that the lavatory experience was a "major deconstruction of the individual," and that was only 20 minutes. How might it feel for a prisoner?

Unless you've been incarcerated, it's hard to imagine the day-to-day deprivation of prison life. And while theorists on the outside clash over the question of whether a felon goes to jail to be punished or if jail is the punishment itself, I talked with some former inmates who shed light on porn's heightened role in stir.

"I would move *Penthouse*, *Hustler*, *Playboy* around in pillow cases," says Karl Weber (not his real name), a former inmate at ASPC Yuma, in Arizona by the Mexican border. Weber, who's on parole, says that guards could fetch "up to \$150" to bring in a copy of *Penthouse*, and the magazines would be cut up, photocopied, and redistributed "for months."



PHOTO: ISTOCK / MEDIAPHOTOS

A photograph of two men sitting on the ground against a chain-link fence. They are wearing white t-shirts and bright orange pants, typical of prison uniforms. The man on the left is wearing blue sneakers and white socks, while the man on the right is wearing white sneakers and white socks. They are both looking towards the right. The background is a chain-link fence with a blurred view of a building and trees behind it.

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PRISON CAN BE INCREDIBLY
FRUSTRATING: YOU CAN'T OPEN
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’**



Weber explains that he never used pornographic material ("I've got my thoughts and memories," he says), but he would encounter magazines that had made it around the facility in pristine condition while others would make their way back to him "torn up and disgusting, all crusty."

"It was like two different roads," he says. "It was the dudes who were like, 'Don't touch my girl,' and the ones who needed to bust a nut hard."

Toward the end of his seven-year stay (Weber is vague about the type of assault that landed him in Yuma), "I could get a phone from one source and an SD card from another. The SD card would come in under a [male visitor's] balls or in [a female visitor's] pussy. And the card would just be loaded with porn. You'd rent that out and either pass the SD card around or you'd find somewhere where dudes would line up to use it."

We ask Weber if he thinks not having access to dirty movies and magazines makes a man less of a human.

"Less of a human? No," he responds, "but everything that makes things easier gets a price bump. It's the same with razors and things like that. No one likes the plastic razors because it's not a nice shave. But you get a razor handle with a good blade and somebody'll pay a lot of money for it. With the fuck-books it just makes jerking off more convenient."

Porn is considered contraband, Weber continues, "because people use it to pay for other stuff, like someone will use it to pay for protection, or it's gonna get exchanged for sexual favors." Like cigarettes and razor blades, he says, "except more personal."

Writing for the site Corrections One, Joe Bouchard, prison librarian at the Baraga Correctional Facility in Michigan, doesn't address inmates' innate need for sexual expression or porn's connection to aggression, but stresses contraband's use as currency.

"One of the most common hazards in corrections occurs when staff underestimate the far-reaching nature of seemingly harmless but forbidden goods and services," Bouchard writes. "The simple trade of candy, for instance, can be a cover for protection services. A few betting slips may be the starting point for a widespread gambling empire. One prisoner giving a cigarette to another may be payoff for a nefarious act."

Vicky Waters, press secretary for the California Department of Corrections and Rehabilitation, directs me to the state Code of Regulations, which neither mentions porn making inmates more aggressive nor addresses its use for barter.

"Contraband includes materials that are obscene, and/or contain sex acts, sexually explicit images, and frontal nudity," she says. "Also, publications of this nature may create a hostile work environment for our female staff."

A female C.O. writing on the Prison Talk forum says that, after transferring three times, she finally accepted that "men were just going to masturbate to me every time I walked by for my rounds."

The guards we contacted all felt that prison porn should "probably be regulated," but not banned.

"I'm not saying that guys got docile after getting their porn fix," the female C.O. from Texas says, "but it just makes sense that if you can

spend your aggression on some titties in a book, you're less likely to be looking somewhere else."

Hector Lazarino says of his three-year stint at SCI Mercer, in Pennsylvania, that "porn helped with sex."

Lazarino says he was the only man he knew who went to prison already identifying as gay, and that prison sex was facilitated with "jail punks" (men who were situationally homosexual for the purpose of protection or companionship) using porn magazines.

"We called it 'tenderizing,'" Lazarino says. "We tenderized them with magazines and we made the move."

They knew the move was going to be made?

"Yeah, but if they saw some porn with women in it beforehand, it made it easier."

Lazarino pinpoints the physical need for sexual release, comparing it to the Olympics.

"You got young men—young people in the best shape of their lives," he says. "They aren't doing nothing but exercising. They need to let it out. It's what you know is happening in (the Summer Olympics in) Rio. You can't just turn off a switch. They need to have sex."

But, California's Department of Correction's Article 15 calls any sexual expression—including pornography—"disorderly." It reads,

in part: "Sexual Disorderly Conduct means every person who touches, without exposing, his or her genitals, buttocks, or breasts in a manner that demonstrates it is for the purpose of sexual arousal, gratification, annoyance, or offense, and that any reasonable person would consider this conduct offensive."

We ask Lazarino if he ever met any "reasonable person" in prison.

"You're not reasonable until your dick is soft," he says.

Most correctional systems employ some version of the following language from California's Code of Regulations, to ban sexual depictions of any kind, and


any nudity that isn't a line drawing in a medical journal or a floppy boob from a National Geographic:

"Sexually explicit images that depict frontal nudity in the form of personal photographs, drawings, magazines, or other pictorial format."

You can't even make a drawing.

Weber, the former inmate from Yuma, talks about the time a laundry-room porn stash was discovered and confiscated: "There was a little shower of SD cards and Vanessa Williams pictures," he said. "Vanessa Williams? Miss America? Old stuff. And the guards took it all away. There were like six big fights that week until we started getting a supply back."

Penthouse and other adult outlets may be illegal in prisons across the country, but magazines like this one clearly serve a purpose for both good and ill, depending on how they're regulated. Maybe some thoughtful Andy Dufresne-type can revolutionize prison libraries again by setting up a little room off to the side: a nice, quiet, carpeted room containing various paper and digital aids, to usher in a less-awful prison experience that isn't a major deconstruction of the individual.

Regulate it—don't confiscate it. 

**MEN WERE
JUST GOING TO
MASTURBATE TO
ME EVERY TIME I
WALKED BY FOR
MY ROUNDS.**

FORUM REJECTS



ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

THE BEST OF THE WORST
FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE

DEAR Penthouse,
I went to Cancún for spring break during my senior year of college. I was paranoid about getting sick, so I didn't eat anything for the first 24 hours. Then I stumbled upon a Domino's Pizza around the corner from my hotel and made that my regular grub spot. It's all I ate for the entire fucking week I was there. I was a regular, and I got to know the other regulars. One of them was a Mexican girl named Marisol. Marisol had a smoking body but a beat face...and she was a bit of a loose cannon, like a stereotypical *chola*. She was terrifying.

Naturally, we started hanging out. She took me to Señor Frog's one night and we got wasted off tequila poppers. *Borracho! Peda!* I wobbled through the crowd to get another round, but stopped mid-mission to talk to another chick. Suddenly, Marisol comes flying in out of nowhere, grabs the girl by the hair, and starts punching her in the face relentlessly. Wait, what?! A bouncer rushes Marisol and tackles her to the floor, which was slick with god-knows-what. And like the gentleman I am, I ran out of the bar and ducked into the bus that takes you back to all the hotels.

I found a seat next to this chunky blonde who didn't seem to mind that I was a drunken sweaty mess. My stomach was churning from pizza and tequila, and I started to mumble something incoherent. The blonde, Jessy, turns to me and mumbles something back, eyes glazed, hair matted, sweat beading

I PULLED OUT AND SHOT MY LOAD ON WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE THE INSIDE OF MY SHIRT.

on her upper lip. She was just as drunk as me. Of course I started leaning in, touching her, and telling her how sexy she is. After about three stops, I pop out of my seat, stumble backwards, catch myself and slur, "Let's go for a walk."

Somehow, we fumbled our way to a cement pier by Parque de las Palapas. Benches line the pier about every fifteen feet, and there were a few people milling about, fishing in the dark water. We found a bench away from the lights and started making out. She pulled my dick out and started sucking it the way only a fat girl knows how. I had to fuck her. I needed to fuck her. (I really didn't need to fuck her. I really shouldn't have fucked her...but that trip was filled with a lot of shouldn'ts.)

We positioned ourselves on the hard ground, "hidden" from view under the bench, and mauled each other like animals in heat. I hammered her for a good ten minutes before I pulled out and shot my load all over what turned out to be the inside of my shirt. I made my way to standing, bent down to pull up my pants, fell forward, and smashed my head on the bench. I popped up quickly—too quickly—stumbled backwards, and crashed into the railing, the only thing that kept me from falling off the pier and onto the rocks below. As if on cue, I let out a loud, guttural belch and vomited all over myself.

Jessy just stared at me in disbelief, mumbled something unintelligible, then stood, waddled away, and disappeared into the darkness.

—Jeremy G. College Park, MD

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HOW TO TRAIN YOUR KITTY

Though affectionate, a kitten is a handful as a pet. Even the hairless ones can get underfoot and require discipline. Thankfully, Jana Jordan and Kiara Diane are here to share their saucerful of secrets.

Photography: Tammy Sands


**“WITH
A LITTLE
TRAINING
AND A LOT OF
PATIENCE,
YOUR KITTY
CAN BE AN
ADVENTURE
CAT.”**

—ADVENTURECATS.ORG









**“IF YOUR CAT
HOLDS THEIR
TAIL UP CASUALLY
FLIPPING THE TIP
WHEN THEY’RE
AROUND YOU,
THEY THINK
YOU’RE THE ‘CAT’S
MEOW.’”**

—I HEART CATS





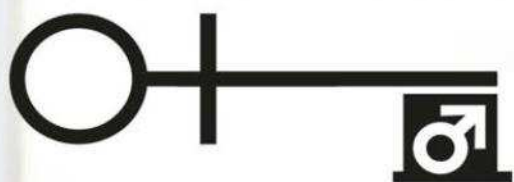


**“WHEN CATS
GROOM EACH
OTHER, IT IS A
SIGN OF GREAT
AFFECTION.”**

—PET YAK

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NO ONE GIVES A SHIT THAT YOU'RE OFFENDED

OFFENDED? GOOD! GET OVER IT.

BY BRENDAN O'NEILL

BRITISH national treasure Stephen Fry once said that the best response to killjoys who cry, "I'm offended by that!" is to reply: "Well, so fucking what?"

To make a public spectacle of your offended feelings, to declare how rattled you feel by something you saw or heard, is "no more than a whine," Fry said. And therefore, "it has no meaning."

He's right. Today's battalions of offense-takers are just glorified crybabies. They simply do in public what those always-offended old ladies with blue rinses used to do in private.

In the pre-internet era, when tweeting was something only birds did, elderly offense-takers would post irate letters to some TV station or newspaper that pissed them off. Now, courtesy of the internet, everyone with a gripe, no matter their age, whatever their political bent, can splutter their outrage online.

It's a veritable outrage industry. From Twitter mobs that condemn anyone who says something shocking, to super-sensitive students who ban adult mags, Dukes of Hazard, and phrases that they judge to be "microaggressions," everyone's taking offense. And everyone's insisting that the thing that offended them be squashed.

It's like we all think we should be protected by our own personal blasphemy law. Once, it was only the likes of Christ who was guarded from "scurrilous, reviling, or contemptuous" material; now we're all little Jesuses, demanding: "That thing made me feel bad—destroy it!"

Such endless confected fury, such nonstop churn of personal outrage, isn't only grating—it's a barrier to free thought, and even progress.

It invites social paralysis, encouraging us all to obsessively edit our thoughts and police our blather, lest we unwittingly affront someone who has their offense antenna turned up to ten.

Worse, it acts like deadweight on the ankle of artistic experimentation and intellectual daring.

If everything from a saucy music video (like Rihanna's sexy/violent "Bitch Better Have My Money") to the arguments of libertarian feminist scholar Christina Hoff Sommers (who is booed off college campuses for her "different but equal" views on equity feminism) can crank up the outrage machine, then people will think, *I better not express that risky thought lurking in my head. I'll just leave it there, to gather dust.* So I'd go further than Fry.

The fashion for wailing "I'm offended!" is more than an irritant. It's the enemy of cultural, political, and personal freedom. It nurtures a climate of "You Can't Say That!" It gives rise to self-silencing, making people hold back the edgy stuff in their minds, most of which will be nonsense, yeah, but some of which just might be era-shakingly interesting.

We shouldn't only tell the easily-offended to quit their whimpering. We should also tell them that being offended is good. Far from harming us, it helps us. It forces us to think; it toughens us up; it builds our backbone.

Both giving offense and receiving offense are wonderful things.

Indeed, all the freedoms we cherish, all the tech and comforts we enjoy, are the gift of people who gave offense.

If Copernicus hadn't offended priests with his insistence that the sun, not the earth, was at the center of the solar system, we wouldn't live in such a scientifically savvy world. If the suffragettes hadn't offended the natural order, and demanded that women have the same political say as men, we'd still be living in an unequal world. If the publishers of men's mags—like this one—hadn't offended the bejesus out of the buttoned-up brigade in the 1950s and 60s, then the sexual revolution

might never have happened and many of us would be stuck in a loveless, sexless rut.

The "offensiveness" of earlier generations, their willingness to rail against orthodoxies, made our lives freer, happier, more fulfilling.

Then there's taking offense. Everyone should open themselves up to offense. You should feel shaken to your core at least once a day. It's good for you. Don't stamp out things that offend you; cherish them, embrace them.

The greatest liberal, John Stuart Mill, argued in 1859 that we must allow our beliefs to be "fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed," because otherwise those beliefs become "dead dogmas."

In other words, if you cut yourself off from ridicule, and dodge public debate, you become a robot, thinking in a fixed, rigid, dogmatic way. It is only by opening ourselves up to the possibility of being offended that we can give our brain cells a workout and our imagination a spring cleaning.

Living in an offense-free bubble will turn you into a bore and a tyrant. Burst out of it. Today, go out and offend someone, and let someone offend you. You'll both benefit. ☞

**BOTH GIVING
OFFENSE AND
RECEIVING OFFENSE
ARE WONDERFUL
THINGS.**



OPERATION ACOUSTIC KITTY

THE CIA DID STRANGE THINGS TO GET AN EDGE ON THE RUSSIANS DURING THE COLD WAR. THIS MIGHT JUST BE THE STRANGEST. BY SEAN BRUCE

DRONES transformed modern warfare. The beginnings of the War in Iraq saw only a few unmanned aerial vehicles in play and almost no unmanned ground vehicles. Now, those *Terminator*-like war machines rule the skies and provide vital ground support for troops who (understandably) want to be far away when deciding whether to snip the blue or red wire on a roadside bomb.

However, as new as they are, there was one early predecessor to the military drone, conceived in the heart of a secret CIA laboratory during the 1960s. This “drone,” however, was not quite like the whirring monstrosities you see middle-aged hobbyists toting down at the park on a Sunday.

During the height of Cold War surveillance operations, the geniuses at the CIA gave new ironic meaning to the term “military intelligence,” when they came up with the ill-fated plan to turn an ordinary house cat into a top-secret spy. Transparently named “Operation Acoustic Kitty,” the idea was to hook up a cat with surveillance equipment and use it to spy on the Russians.

What must have begun as a drunken bet gone disastrously wrong, ended up becoming one of the strangest projects in the history of military surveillance.

According to former CIA operative Victor Marchetti in his controversial (and much redacted) book *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*:

“They slit the cat open, put batteries in him, wired him up. The tail was used as an antenna. They made a monstrosity.”

Of course, as anyone who has spent even a few minutes with a cat knows, they are bastards who will never bend to the will of a mere human. They just don’t have the same eager desire to please like dogs and are apt to go wandering off looking for food or chasing birds. The CIA

THE COLD WAR

Everyone knows the Cold War was an intense period of geopolitical upheaval as two superpowers battled for global supremacy. What you don’t read in the history books is the crazy hijinks intelligence agencies pulled to try and get an edge on their opponents. For example:

1. Kill Castro: According to the former head of the Cuban Secret Service, revolutionary-turned-dictator, Fidel Castro has survived over 600 assassination attempts. Some of the more creative ways the U.S. tried to take the beard out involve exploding cigars, exploding seashells and poison wetsuits.

2. The Men Who Stare at Goats: The Stargate Project was the code name established in 1978 for the investigation of psychic phenomena in military applications. A small team of psychics were assembled in a leaky wooden barracks and asked to “remotely view” areas of interest in the Soviet Union. The project continued up until 1995 when the CIA finally concluded that it was never useful in any intelligence operation.

3. Trippy, Man: It wasn’t long after LSD started hitting the hippy scene in the 1960s that the CIA thought to apply it to a military setting. In one instance, a brothel was set up to drug a selection of men secretly and monitor them through one-way mirrors. It was assumed the men would be too embarrassed to report what happened. Further attempts to use LSD as a mind control agent or bioweapon were considered failures.

had a way around this. First, they wired the cat so that it wouldn’t respond to hunger and then, according to Marchetti, “They took it to a park bench and said, ‘Listen to those two guys. Don’t listen to anything else—not the birds, no cat or dog—just those two guys!’”

At this point, we think it appropriate to mention that this was not some whimsical idea, thought up and passed over the moment they realized it was completely insane. This was a five-year endeavor with a budget of over \$15 million.

The first field test of the feline spy ended in less than spectacular fashion. The CIA drove the cat to a Soviet safehouse in Wisconsin and released it from their unmarked van. The cat strolled across the road only to be hit by a taxi. And that was it—five years of effort and \$15 million dollars later—all reduced to road kill in a matter of minutes. Safe to say, the operation was considered an abject failure.

Today, the CIA documentation on the project is still redacted in many parts, probably to save on the levels of sheer embarrassment they might suffer. What we do know is that a CIA officer was quickly sent to the scene to scoop up the remains of the Acoustic Kitty before the Russians got a hold of the sensitive recording equipment. Had the Soviets managed to uncover the remains of this monumental fuck up, we imagine they may have been able to win the whole cold war simply by ridiculing the U.S. into defeat.

The conclusion made by the CIA was that while the use of trained cats is possible, they believe that “the environmental and security factors in using this technique in a real foreign situation force us to conclude that for our (intelligence) purposes, it would not be practical.”

Yeah...no shit, CIA. 



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SUMMER OF HYSTERIA

BY MATT GALLAGHER

IT'S been the Summer of American Hysteria, and given that it's a presidential election year, fall probably won't offer much respite. Some talking heads are comparing it to the 1930s, what with the economic highs and lows and the social-class divides. Others have beat us over the head with 1968 comparisons, because of the rage and anger on the streets and the strife involving police and protests. Still others are saying that something like this in American history is completely unprecedented, which is sorta cool, if not entirely comforting. We all want to live in interesting times, but only a twisted few want to live in the end times.

It's been a difficult summer for the veterans' community in particular. "Are Vets Violent?" screamed the headlines in the aftermath of the mass shootings in Dallas and Baton Rouge. Both tragedies were carried out by men who'd deployed over the last decade as service members, and both had left dead cops who'd also served overseas. We were killing our own. And there, in the midst of all the senseless violence and bloodshed, the idea and realization that just fucking pierced to the bone: Vets were killing vets.

Then there's the lazy stereotypes being reinforced by madness like this. As we've explored before in this here Embrace the Suck column, post-9/11 military veterans are too often simplified into heroes, victims, or monsters, with the complications and nuances of being a human being on this



VETERANS WHO HAVE PTSD ARE LESS LIKELY TO COMMIT ACTS OF PREMEDITATED VIOLENCE THAN VETERANS WHO DO NOT.

planet lost to the demolitions of narrative. Mass shootings carried out by vets definitely reinforces the monster narrative lingering from the Vietnam days of *The Deer Hunter* and *Taxi Driver*. “Did they bring the war home with them?” goes the line of thought that lands there, and I can’t say that it’s a totally unfair question. Logic always tries to make reason of sickness. But a closer look suggests that it’s a deeply flawed question.

First, while both shooters (I won’t use their names here, because fuck those scumbags) were vets, neither of them saw combat. One helped build temporary structures on large bases in Afghanistan. The other was a data-network specialist (so, uh, computers?) on large bases in Iraq. I don’t bring this up to make fun of fobbits or REMFs, because the military is a large institution that requires a lot of different jobs and we’re all on the same team working toward the same goals, but to point out the absurdity of the idea that this was somehow connected to their service overseas. Much of their firearms training took place after their service, as civilians. So, no, they didn’t bring their war home with them. Their wars were only wars in the loosest sense of the word.

Then there’s the macro-statistical data, every lazy narrative’s greatest foe. Recent studies show that veterans who have PTSD are less likely to commit acts of premeditated violence than veterans who do not. They’re more at risk to harm themselves

than anyone else, frankly. Meanwhile, studies of mass shootings have been unable to identify a trend in the shooters beyond the “loner young man.” Sometimes they’re white, sometimes they’re black. Sometimes they’re associated with a political message or movement, sometimes they’re not. Sometimes they’re vets. And sometimes they aren’t.

When the Baton Rouge shooting occurred, I found myself wondering if some of my internal anguish and reactions were similar to what many Muslims must feel when they hear about a terror attack. *Please don’t be one of us* is a terrible thought, and it certainly doesn’t alleviate anyone’s hurt or loss. But it’s an honest thought, and indicative of a member of a vulnerable group or community, desperate to shed like snakeskin society’s biases and blanket categorizing. We don’t need this shit. And neither does anyone else.

Not the smoothest analogy, for a lot of reasons, I know. But the parallels are there.

So, as thinking people and citizens, what can we do to push back? Fuck, man, if I had the perfect answer to that, you’d have heard me proclaiming from the top of the Empire State Building by now. Pushing back is a grind. But the grind matters. The alternative is to give in, to the stupidity, to the madness, to the hysteria. And giving in ain’t no way to live. ☪

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KILLER DESIGN

PATRICK MCGARRIGLE INVESTIGATES THE DEADLY FUTURE OF WARFARE

THE technological gap between the United States and its rivals gets smaller every year. The U.S. hopes to widen this gap by harnessing the power of Silicon Valley to create the next generation of intelligent war machines.

Improvised Explosive Devices, or IEDs, are a core component of the insurgency in Afghanistan and Iraq. In 2006 there were more than 2,500 IED attacks each month—the leading cause of casualties for U.S. troops and Iraqi civilians. To this day, IEDs continue to pose the greatest of threats to the aims and overall military strategy of the United States and its allies.

The soldiers charged with locating and disarming IEDs belong to units called EOD: Explosive Ordnance Disposals. EOD teams are integral in the effort to suppress these kinds of destructive attacks in Iraq and Afghanistan, disposing of about two bombs a day. An impression of how vital these soldiers are to forwarding the military ambitions of America in Iraq and Afghanistan is the \$50,000 bounty that insurgent leadership has put on each EOD soldier's head.

On a typical day in Iraq, the telltale signs of an IED—the wires, the piping, the roadside location—are detected, and the EOD team is called in to handle it. Unfortunately, on this particular day, the story would not end well. Generally, one must be about 150 feet away from an explosive device when it detonates to avoid injury or death. On this occasion, the soldier charged with disarming the bomb was almost on top of it. When the IED detonated, the soldier was engulfed in flames—by the time the rest of the team caught up, there was little left.

When it came time for the unit's commander to write back to the United States and report on what had happened, he told of how his team had lost one of its bravest members. He spoke of how many times this particular member had saved the unit and how the team had been affected by the loss of their teammate.

When the Iraq war began, the U.S. military had only a handful

of drones at its disposal and had no unmanned ground vehicles. As of January 2014, it operated close to ten thousand drones with hundreds of thousands of hours of airtime each year, as well as more than ten thousand unmanned ground vehicles that have detected and disposed of thousands of IEDs. The U.S. is looking at increasing the responsibility of unmanned vehicles in battle roles with the idea that automation and artificial intelligence will guide these missions with a minimal human interface. The principle of Moore's Law—that each year technology develops at an exponential rate—applies with deadly consequences. We won't simply be seeing tens of thousands of today's robots operating on the battlefield, but tens of thousands of futuristic robots, harnessing the capabilities of artificial intelligence, making life and death decisions.

We are on the cusp of a historical revolution in warfare.

When the machine gun was invented, it radically changed the way war was conducted, and along with it came vast numbers of casualties. Militaries completely reassessed their strategies. The atomic bomb changed the way war was conducted again, with Cold War-like conflicts in place of full-scale warfare, with the ultimate strategy guided by the lingering threat of nuclear Armageddon. The introduction of robotics will be different: It's no longer about the *how*—what goes faster or what makes a bigger boom—but the *who*.

In February this year, Arati Prabhakar, director of the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA), addressed the Subcommittee on Emerging Threats and Capabilities, a council made up of members of the U.S. House of Representatives. For nearly six decades, DARPA has played an essential role in maintaining the technological supremacy of the United States military. In particular, his DARPA colleagues "pursue extremely challenging but potentially paradigm-shifting technologies in support of national security," according to Prabhakar. In short, DARPA is responsible for creating technology that only exists in the realms of science fiction.

From its research on jetpacks, teleportation, mind control, and robots, DARPA has long attracted the attention of conspiracy theorists for its top-secret projects and its “black budget” to conduct far-reaching technological research. Almost everyone in the world is reaping the rewards of DARPA’s efforts to bend the arc of technological history—both GPS and the internet are right at the top of the organization’s list of achievements.

February’s meeting was called so that Prabhakar could outline the military and technological goals of DARPA for the next few years.

This is the most advanced military technology agency in the world, explaining the future of warfare and the technology in the battlegrounds of tomorrow.

The future of warfare is being driven by different factors. The United States has traditionally been, technologically speaking, several decades ahead of its adversaries. This is due to offset strategies developed on behalf of the Department of Defense that sought to thwart the closing of the gap between the U.S. and its principal rivals.

The first offset strategy was initiated by President Dwight Eisenhower and involved the mass proliferation of nuclear warheads to act as a deterrent for the rapidly growing and mechanized Soviet Army. Once the USSR had reached parity in nuclear weapon technology, a second offset strategy was developed: The implementation of stealth technology, precision guidance for aircraft and complex weapons, and information networks. The technological superiority of the U.S. during this period allowed it considerable success in 1991 and 2003, in both Gulf Wars. This strategy also provided the U.S. a way to maintain its military superiority despite a period of declining military spending following the collapse of the Soviet Union and the end of the Cold War.

The world is rapidly changing, with technological advances and new geopolitical threats emerging. In order for the United States to continue to defend its interests and those of its

allies, a third offset strategy is being developed. According to Prabhakar, “The daily fare is a noxious stew of violent extremism, terrorism, and cross-border criminal activity. At the same time, the actions and the intentions of nation-states in every region also demand our focus and attention. The Department has embarked on an important shift in recent years to reenergize its ability to invent, experiment with, and operationalize advanced military capabilities that will be critical to deter and defeat if necessary the emerging great powers of this century.”

We are at a time where the United States isn’t the only nation with access to superior technology, where anyone with access to an iPad and off-the-shelf components can construct

their own military-style drone. With the advent of the internet, humans are sharing information at a speed that has never before been achieved; technologies like 3-D printing and a boom in advanced manufacturing processes makes it easy for anyone to access information and the necessary components to construct technologies that were once only possessed by governments with limitless money and power.

This democratization of technology has been helped along by the commercial sector, which, for the last ten years or so has aided the proliferation of cutting-edge technology. Silicon Valley, with companies of the likes of Google and Apple with innovative investment in technology, has outstripped the governments of the world with affordable yet highly advanced pieces of consumer-level hardware. Terrorists are no longer fighting with outdated Cold War-era weapons but with technology that can be bought off Amazon. They are using iPads and weaponized consumer-level drones, and this situation is sure to become increasingly commonplace.

When we talk about future battlegrounds, we are talking about Al Qaeda 2.0 and the end of mankind’s 5,000-year-old monopoly on war. And unlike an atomic bomb or a fighter jet, you don’t need a huge manufacturing industry to create

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”



DEADLY DESIGNS

U.S. military spending accounts for about 39 percent of all global military spending. While much of that is allocated to sustaining overseas ground wars, a figure as big as that means some powerful weapons are currently in development. Here are some of the most terrifying designs the United States military has to offer.

1 / Photon Cannon: Working in collaboration with Boeing, the military has developed a direct-energy weapon that emits a ten-kilowatt beam of energy capable of taking down missiles and mortar fire. It’s called the High Energy Laser Mobile Demonstrator, or HEL MD.

2 / Electromagnetic Rail Gun: An EM Rail Gun works through a set of parallel conductive rails and a sliding armature. When a charge is passed through the rails, electromagnetic effect drives the armature

to fire a projectile without the use of gunpowder or explosives. For a long time it wasn’t possible; however, recently British defense conglomerate BAE has designed a working prototype with an impressive muzzle velocity of 5,700 mph and a range of over 125 miles.

3 / Precision Guided Firearm: Texas-based TrackingPoint has created a rifle, dubbed the Linux Gun, that uses an onboard computer to calculate variables such as wind speed and target speed to





communicate to the user where the bullet will land. All of this at a range of 1,800 yards. According to the TrackingPoint market official, the gun hits 70 percent of its targets from around 1,000 yards, even if fired by “inexperienced” users. TrackingPoint’s website specifically mentions defense against Islamic extremists.

4 / TALOS: Otherwise known as the “Iron Man Suit,” the Tactical Light Operator Suit can repel bullets, help lift

heavy objects, and provide lifesaving oxygen. The suit uses a form of liquid armor to stop bullets that can be activated on command via an electromagnetic current. Even Barack Obama couldn’t resist the reference, announcing, “we’re building Iron Man,” in a press conference. TALOS is still in development, but is set to hit the battlefield in 2018.

5 / Hybrid Insect MEMS: Part machine, part insect. This project aims to implant small mechanical systems inside insects

during the cocoon or pupal phase with the aim of gaining full control over the insect’s body upon metamorphosis. The robo-insect would be able to be “operated” using a remote control. Sensors and audio-detection instruments would also be embedded for the purpose of data collection.



DID YOU KNOW...

Ever wonder where the internet came from, or stealth airplanes, or even your trusty GPS? The answer, in some part, is DARPA—America's military agency responsible for the development of emerging technologies for use by the military. It's what happens when you give a government military agency unlimited funds. DARPA is responsible for many of the most groundbreaking technologies we use in our everyday lives.

THE INTERNET: What began as a project to help U.S. research scientists communicate with each other turned into one of the most significant technological advances of our time.

The internet was created in 1969 under the supervision of visionaries like Bob Taylor for the U.S. Department of Defense. DARPA allowed researchers to experiment with methods for computers to communicate with each other. Their creation, the Advanced Research Projects Agency Network (ARPANET), originally linked only four separate computer sites at U.S. universities

and research institutes, where it was used primarily by scientists.

At 10:30 p.m. on October 29, 1969, the first host-to-host connection between computers was established, creating the first ever network. The first email was sent across in 1972, and people started referring to it as "The Internet" (in capitals) in 1973.

GPS: There are two technologies developed by DARPA that the world couldn't function without today.

One is the internet, and the other is GPS; if either were to be switched off, everything

robotics. Already there is a Jihadi website that allows readers to sit at home and detonate an IED without ever leaving your seat. There is also no need to convince a robot that it will receive 72 virgins to get it to blow itself up.

To react to this growing threat, the third military offset strategy from the U.S. Department of Defense (DoD) involves working closely with the private sector—particularly those companies that innovate in the area of information technology and robotics—and repurposing that technology for warfare. That means tablets with added encryption for close air support, to state-of-the-art digital electronics with added unique radio chips for leapfrog radio frequency (RF) systems.

“A theme is, if you combine access to some leading-edge commercial technology and deeply integrate it with DoD secret sauce, that’s where you get phenomenal advances and capabilities,” says Prabhakar of DARPA’s intentions to work closely with commercial companies.

The experimental culture of Silicon Valley, with its reputation for rapid, competition-fueled innovation, makes it the heartland for advances in military technology, and the government is banking on this. Elon Musk, the billionaire founder of SpaceX and Tesla, has apparently already been part of “high-level talks” at the Pentagon to give his advice on how best to break new ground and unlock the secrets of successful tech start-ups to apply them in a military context.

His advice? “Having an incentive structure that rewards innovation is extremely important,” he said in an interview after the meeting. “It’s economics 101. Whatever you reward will happen.”

Already the Department of Defense has opened an outreach center in Silicon Valley in an effort to convince bright, innovative start-ups to turn their minds to national-security measures. So far, it has had mixed results, and after just one year was overhauled with new leadership. Nevertheless, the Pentagon plans to invest \$18 billion on the Third Offset and it

is apparent that advances in artificial-intelligence technology and autonomous-warfare systems are going to lead the new era of human-machine collaboration and combat teaming.


U.S. Deputy Secretary of Defense Robert Work has proclaimed that “network-on-network” warfare against emerging rivals China and Russia may be the future. The aim is integration between humans and robots, to enhance human capabilities, rather than replace them. The goal is not “killer robots that roam the battlefield,” says Work. “I think more in terms of *Iron Man*—the ability of a machine to assist a human, where the human is still in control in all matters, but the machine makes the human much more powerful and much more capable.”

The inventions that are already being tested for military use

include crewless submarines, frigates, destroyers, pilotless helicopters, and drone “swarms”—miniature drones that can be dropped by a fighter jet and fly together and disperse at the command of a pilot thousands of miles away. This is the unmanned future of war.

It brings to the fore a series of moral dilemmas that have never been considered in the arenas of warfare. As we increasingly move toward an era of automation, we are saving troops by taking boots off the ground. At the same time, as machines become the front line of our offensive strategies,

we risk becoming disconnected from the reality of war. If we begin to view the cost of war as less because of the reduction in human involvement, this could bring the barrier of launching a conflict even lower, resulting in seeking out violent solutions more readily than peaceful ones.

Pandora’s Box has already been opened. Technological advances in all areas will bring about a new era of unknown advantages, and along with it, questions that we don’t yet have answers for. It is especially important that we consider the effects of technological developments in the arenas of war. With them will come life-saving technologies that have the potential to improve on the brutality of war, but there will be costs that should be well-understood before we go too far and too fast. 

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”

from global commerce to national defense systems would be compromised to the point of potential collapse.

The Global Positioning System project dates back to 1973, and was originally very much a military system, funded and created by the U.S. Department of Defense. However, the concept dates back even further, to the very early days of DARPA itself.

SIRI: Originally developed to offer better tools for soldiers in the field, Siri is an offshoot of the DARPA-funded CALO, an artificial-intelligence project that attempted

to integrate numerous AI technologies into a cognitive assistant. It was developed to provide a translation of foreign languages and extract contextual information from those translations—and by doing so enable troops in the field to maintain fluent bilingual communication without previous knowledge of the language.

The Siri voice-recognition system embedded in the latest iPhone was born out of DARPA research.

GOOGLE MAPS: The ability to zoom in on Google maps and virtually walk down

streets has its roots in a DARPA-funded team at MIT.

The team beat Google to the street-view business by three decades with its “Aspen Movie Map.”

In the 1970s, the team mounted cameras on cars and drove around Aspen, Colorado, and then combined it with other data, still photographs, and audio.

“Its goal was to create so immersive and realistic a ‘first visit’ that newcomers would literally feel at home, or that they had been there before,” said Andy Lippman, who worked on the project.

ANGELA MADE ME AN ASS MAN

I'M a physicist at a university lab in New Mexico, and the back porches of some of the students here are like hemispheric works of art and science. Red beans and rice didn't miss them. I like their buoyancy and resistance to impact. I like the way they pop like twin moons over the horizon of the denim shorts they're shimmying out of.

And while it gives me great satisfaction to pull out of a perfectly shaved, uplifted pussy and blow my load on the taut, smooth, flexed ass of a woman who dutifully rides her bike to school, I never once thought, *Hey, why don't I fuck her in the ass?* Because even when I'd hit that spot by mistake in the past, both my partner and I would jump away like a cat from a full bathtub. Then I met Angela.

Angela is a 26-year-old postdoc student from Columbia who came with an impressive group of international students to work in our lab. Angela had great research chops and was impressed with my shitty Spanish. She was also a tight 5'3" with great curves and a pixie haircut that somehow drew my attention directly to her mouth. A mouth which, after a half hour of working with her, I began to imagine wrapped around my dick.

Shortly after she arrived, Angela invited me over to her place for dinner. Like all post-grads, she was staying in one of the shitty apartments on campus, and when I got to her building, I realized it one of the residences I'd lived in years before. As I climbed the stairs to her place, I was greeted with the familiar scuttling lizards.

In the lab, Angela wore T-shirts and jeans, which is exactly how I was dressed standing in her doorway. But tonight she was three inches taller in heels that emphasized her toned legs, most of which I could see by virtue of her lime-green minidress. She greeted me with a full kiss on the mouth, pressing her breasts into my stomach, as if we'd been fucking for months.

"This is perfect," I said, looking around

in disbelief at her fixed-up apartment, remembering my own days of squalor. "I can't believe what you did with a student apartment. They normally look pretty shabby. I lived like an animal."

"Men don't grow up until they are in their mid-thirties," Angela said. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," I said.

"You'll be okay," she said with a wink.

We proceeded to have an excellent and intoxicating meal on her little balcony, between the whiskey I'd brought and the Cuban cigars this fascinating woman produced. About halfway through, she kicked off her heels and lazily rested her legs on my lap, and I just as casually stroked them as we talked, lingering now and then, squeezing here and there, occasionally going higher, pushing up the hem of her minidress.

As a somewhat bookish fellow, my natural inclination is to not pay attention to the possibility of sex until it literally sits on my face. But I'd learned enough in my ten years of non-virginity that when a woman touches you with her breasts and rests her legs on your lap, she'll be insulted if you pretend not to notice. So I lifted up Angela's calves, turned my seat to face her, and said, "Why don't you come sit on my lap?"

"I think I will do that," she smiled, her accent a little more pronounced as she got up from her seat, straddled me, and lightly sat down on the pleasantly-straining crotch of my jeans. I could tell she wasn't wearing panties, and my hands completed their journey up her thighs and under her dress, squeezing her firm, naked ass.

"Maybe you can fuck me fast now, and slow later?" she said, and I couldn't have



“
**I FELT HER
 PUSSY GIVE FORTH
 ON MY ALREADY
 SOAKED LEGS.**
 ”

agreed more. She pressed her still-clothed breasts to my face. They were warm like cinnamon bread. I rose to carry her back inside but she stopped me.

“Fuck me on the balcony,” she said. “I want you in my ass.”

“Your ass?” I said, unconvinced.

“But fuck my pussy first, to get your cock wet,” she said. She was grinding on my crotch as if her ass were not connected to the rest of her body. It moved up and down almost hypnotically.

I managed to get my pants past my knees and, still sitting, let her grind her warm, wet slit up and down the underside of my shaft. She bent to kiss me and I could smell the whiskey on her breath, her lips earthy from the cigar. Puddles of her wetness coursed down my balls and onto the seat as I steadied my cock with my hand to allow her to lower herself onto it. Then I was in, and Angela continued that slow, heavy motion.

After several minutes of fucking—and my girl was controlling the exchange at all times, squeezing my cock with her pussy—as much as I didn’t want to switch holes, I also knew that I didn’t want this smoking firecracker to get off my lap, ever. So at the top of a stroke, I cradled her ass in my left hand while I arranged myself just within the ring of her hovering asshole.

Angela gasped, caught her breath, breathed out heavily. Were there neighbors on the opposite balconies? I didn’t fucking care.

She ever-so-slowly eased her way down, and I was hooked. Not only could I feel a heat and a tightness I’d never felt before, but when she stopped to rest, her body fully engulfing my shaft, I could slowly insert fingers into her pussy, experiencing the otherworldly sensation of touching my cock through the thinnest of walls.



She rested her forehead on mine as we both instinctively began grinding together, slowly working our way into what became a frenzy.

Not wanting to come, I thought of whiteboards full of figures. I thought of grant applications. I thought of the sweaty grounds crew on campus. I fucked Angela’s ass like I was going down with the ship. I felt her quiver and shudder, and then felt her pussy give forth on my already-soaked legs.

“You come in me now,” she growled. “You come in me.” Something in Spanish. Something unintelligible.

“Here I am,” I said, wondering what had become of my own language. I rocketed jets of come into her asshole, and she grabbed me as she let her quivering body settle on mine, her muscles still twitching around my cock.

Angela and I managed to make it off the chair for our next session, and for several dates thereafter. In addition to all our deep conversations about physics, the improvement of my Spanish, and my finally just ruining that lime-green minidress one night, Angela taught me to stop worrying and learn to love the ass.

—M.F., Albuquerque, NM

DO I KNOW YOU?

IT was a warm Friday night in the Hamptons, and my buddies bailed on me half an hour before we were supposed to meet. So, I figured, fuck it, and went solo to the house party I'd been planning to go to. Besides, I'm relatively good at chatting up chicks on my own, and don't need a wingman to get laid. I'm also an actor who's been in a bunch of films, which doesn't hurt. I'm the "that guy" everyone recognizes from movies I've been in. You'd definitely know my face if you saw me, but you wouldn't know my name. Let's keep it that way.

As I pulled up to the house, three hot chicks cut in front of my car. All of them were holding hands, giggling, seemingly oblivious to the world around them. Illuminated by my headlights, I saw the tall blonde girl with huge fake tits bursting from her dress put her arm around the waist of the small brunette with the bubble butt half hanging out of her skirt. The third girl, a Latina with plus-size curves and long black hair, gave a big hug to the door guy who led the trio into the house. I valeted my car and followed them inside.

The place was packed and the music was obnoxiously loud, so I made my way out back to a tiki bar complete with couches, burning torches, and a beautiful view of the ocean. The threesome I noticed earlier were now located at the opposite end of the bar. I locked eyes with the Latina, and a moment of recognition flashed across her face. She held my gaze with interest, then leaned over and whispered something to her friends.

I have a little trick I use when speaking to a group of women. I put all my focus on the least-attractive one. It drives the other girls crazy. They can't stand not being the center of attention and they try even harder to get mine when I ignore them. Ah...I love women. So, I waved over the Latina girl, who was the homely one of the bunch. She ditched her friends and walked toward me, flipping her hair and biting her lip nervously. As I leaned in to introduce myself, I could see the other two girls across the bar start to get annoyed. After a few minutes, they



joined their friend and settled in between us. The blonde blurted out, "Aren't you that guy from..." I stopped her and replied, "Yes, that's me."

After exchanging some small talk, I noticed that the tiny brunette with the big booty, whose name was Danielle, was vibing me. She was the hottest of the three by far. She was babbling about the mansion that she rented a few minutes away. I saw my opening. "Is that where the after-party is?" Danielle giggled, grabbed my arm, and playfully squeezed it. She leaned in, placed her other hand high on my thigh, and whispered, "Let's all go back to my place and skinny-dip." Yup. That did it. My cock semi-chubbed instantly.

We left the party, took off our shoes, and walked down the beach toward Danielle's house. Alana (the blonde) and Lorena (the Latina) were ahead of us, running in the crashing waves. Danielle stopped and turned to me. She stretched to put her arms around my neck and kissed me gently on the lips. It was soft and silky and my tongue felt like it was melting in butter. We were sucking face for a good minute, or maybe five. I gently started grinding my hard dick against her pussy, through my pants, through her dress...a total high school move. Danielle moaned quietly and purred, "Let's fuck." I totally forgot the other two girls were even there until Alana and Lorena ran up to us, teasing, "Get a room you two!" then ran off again chasing each other.

Danielle threw off her dress and led me up a flight of wooden steps to a path lined with reeds and trees. She buzzed

open a security gate and brought me to a huge backyard pool. She walked over to a white cabana with curtains tied at the sides, climbed inside, and got on all fours. Reaching back between her legs, she tapped three of her fingers gently on her snatch, which was slick with her juices.

I buried my face in between her firm butt cheeks and my nose went straight into her pink butthole. Prying her pussy lips open with my fingers, I slid my tongue deep inside her peach and sucked up her sweet nectar. Everything about this chick was a total turn-on. I found her clit with my left hand and started rubbing and flicking it with alternating pressure. I sat up and used my right hand to unbutton my pants and free my cock, which already felt like it was about to explode.

Kneeling behind her, I put the head of my dick on her pussy lips, which immediately parted. Danielle had the cutest little asshole, so I took my thumb, which was slick with her come, and slowly pressed it into her. She laid her chest and face down on the mattress and moaned loudly, pleading, "Please...I want you to fuck me."

Slowly, I slid my dick deep inside her quivering pussy and held it there for a second. I could feel her contracting and releasing around my cock. She begged me to fuck her hard, and started thrusting her hips backwards. I stayed motionless and let her do all the work. The less I did, the harder she rode my pole.

"Grab my hair," she demanded. I took a handful and pulled her head towards me as I drove my cock in and out of her silky lady garden. I jackhammered Danielle's

pussy and she came all over my cock, screaming, "That's what I'm talking about! Holy shit. Fuck, yeah! Fuck!"

But I wasn't finished yet, and I planned on going for it. I pulled out, turned her over, and asked where she wanted my load. Tits? Face? Stomach? "In my mouth," she said.

Danielle sat up and wrapped her lips around my cock, swallowing it whole. She bobbed up and down while staring up at me with her big doe eyes. I grabbed the sides of her head and pushed my dick down her throat. She never broke eye contact. As she gagged on my cock, tears flowed down her cheeks. I roared loudly and released my load deep down her throat.

We collapsed next to each other in a heap. After a few moments, Danielle turned to me and confessed, "I've always dreamed about fucking you ever since I saw you in that movie."

So what if people don't know my name? The perks are the same.

—Working Actor, Hollywood, CA

LOAD TRIPPIN'

LAST summer, I took my family on a road trip across the country. We did a loop around 18 states and stopped at many cool, unknown places. It was the best trip we've ever had.

For me though, the highlight was the two days before we left. I took the car in to the shop to get serviced: filters replaced, tires rotated, standard stuff. When I walked into the service office and got a glimpse of who was sitting behind the desk, I had to make sure I didn't stare.

The receptionist was a gorgeous brunette, about 25 years old, with a body like a swimsuit model. She was wearing a tight white tank top with a deep V-neck that accentuated her full, round breasts. It was easy to tell that she wasn't wearing a bra because I could see the outline of her nipples through her shirt.

I felt myself getting excited just at the passing glance of her tits, and had to force myself to focus on her eyes. ("Look at her

eyes, look at her eyes!") She smiled and handed me a form to fill out, which I was happy to do since I was so distracted by the way her titties bounced ever so slightly when she moved.

When I handed her the clipboard and my keys, her fingers brushed mine and I could barely control myself. My dick started to push against the zipper of my jeans. She took the pen from my hand and began to nibble on the end of it. I could have sworn she was trying to turn me on, but I'll never know for sure.

She glanced at my paperwork and told me to have a seat. My car should be ready in an hour, she said, and I should help myself to donuts and coffee. When she turned around, I watched as she walked away from me into the service area. I just stared at her peach-shaped ass that fit so perfectly into her jeans. My dick was totally hard now. I was no longer in control. I saw the sign for the bathroom and made a beeline for it.

I locked the door behind me, leaned against it, and took a deep breath. I wanted to fuck that shop girl with everything I had. I wanted to know what she sounded like when she was getting pounded by my cock. It was a single-person bathroom, so I didn't hesitate to undo my pants and start stroking. Seemed reasonable at the time. I thought about cupping her soft, milky white breasts while my tongue was exploring her mouth. I was stroking slowly, building up, when I heard a click. I was still leaning against the door, but holy shit! The shop girl was coming into the bathroom from another door!

I was frozen, my dick in my hand and my pants around my ankles. She just grinned at me, and asked if I needed any help. I was stunned and just nodded. I couldn't even think of what to say to this beauty, and was she actually offering to help me jack off?

She walked over and pressed herself against me. I gasped at the touch of her skin on mine. Her hand was on my dick and we kissed, just as I had thought about not a minute earlier. I pulled her tank top over her head to free those wonderful tits, and flicked her nipples with the tip of my tongue. She moaned and gave my dick a firm squeeze. I felt my balls tighten. I

wanted to bury myself in her pussy.

Sensing my eagerness, she pulled down her jeans and turned around so I could watch her ass as she bent down to take them off her feet. I stepped forward just as she was getting up, and lifted her leg so that one foot rested on the toilet seat. I slid my dick into her easily—she was drenched and totally ready for me.

I fucked her from behind, my left hand groping her tits and my right hand massaging her clit. Her hips were moving in rhythm with my thrusts, and she arched her back so she could turn around and kiss me. Her tongue went deep into my mouth, just as I was deep inside her dripping wet pussy. Her soft moans went into my throat,

“

**AS SHE GAGGED
ON MY COCK, TEARS
FLOWED DOWN
HER CHEEKS.**

”

and as I fucked her faster, I had to let go of her tits and clit to put my hands on her hips. I pulled her onto my rod as hard as I could, and she pushed her hands against the wall to get me deep inside her until my balls were banging against her sweet pussy lips.

Her breathing got fast and I knew she was close, so I bent forward and whispered in her ear to give it to me, to come all over me. That's when I felt her clasp down on my dick from the inside and a surge of wetness drip out of her. It was so hot! I finished right then, blowing my load into the beautiful stranger's honey pot.

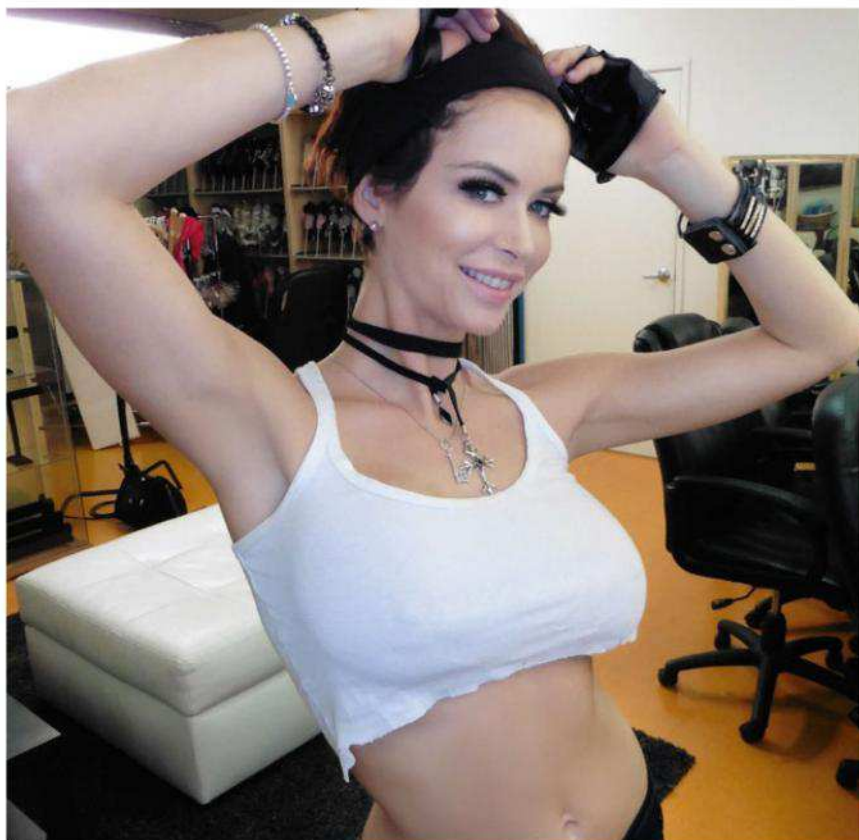
We dressed in silence, and she blew me a kiss as she left out of the same door she came in through. When my car was done, she told me to make sure to come back often to keep my car in tip-top shape.

You better believe I will. It's every thousand miles, right?

—Deon T., Kansas City, MO

PETTING ZOO


BY SAM PHILLIPS



EMILY ADDISON

JUNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Emily Addison, our Pet from September 2011.

5 THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT EMILY:

1. "I love stripping to hair-metal music."
2. "I lost my virginity in a threesome with a guy and another girl."
3. "I've had two near-death experiences at the fair. I was electrocuted while riding a little pig train when I was six years old. When I was older, I was on a Round-Up (that thing that spins really fast and pins you to the wall) that malfunctioned. The controller couldn't get it to stop for fifteen minutes. Everyone was screaming and crying."
4. "I got arrested once, and the police posted the contents found in the trunk of my car: a giant bottle of lube, a double-ended dildo, latex clothing, and a few spank mags!"
5. "I've had piercings in my tongue, eyebrow, belly button, lip, nose, clit, nipples, and ears. I did most of them myself." 



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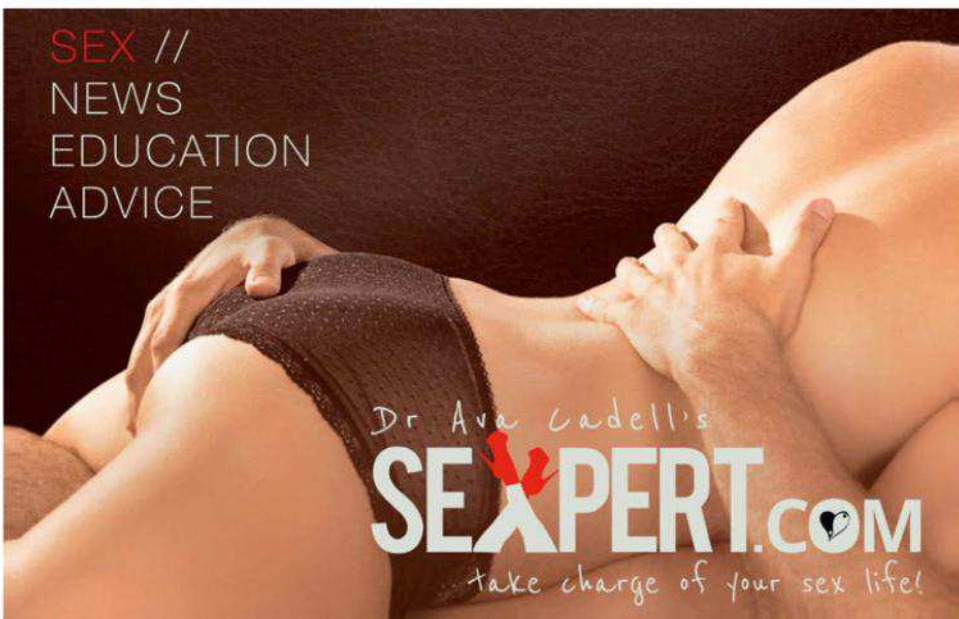
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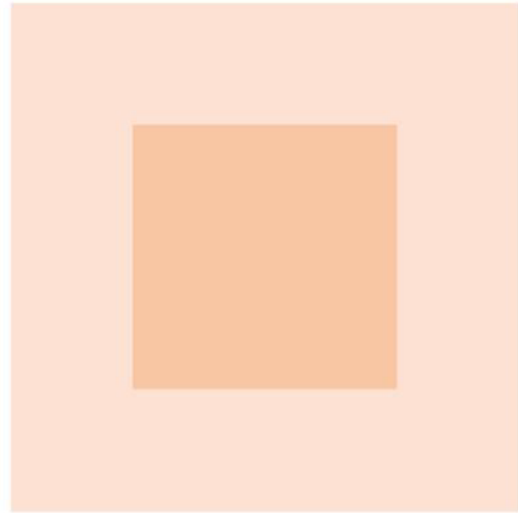
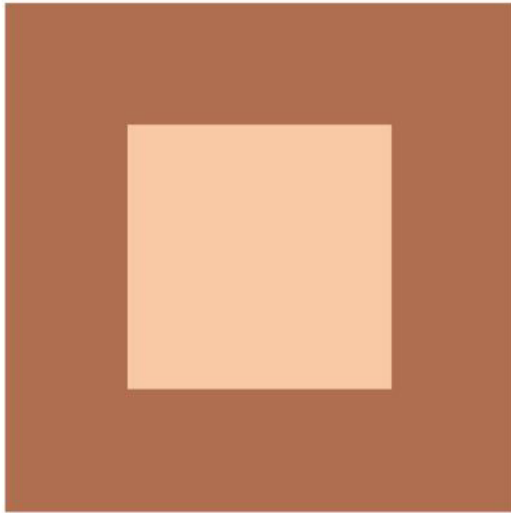
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BROWN CRAYONS

BY DAVE CARNIE

I MAKE art. Mostly collages because I can't paint. The subject matter is all over the place, it's a collage after all, but there's usually a dog in the composition somewhere—a Dachshund, to be precise, because I own a Dachshund. And while my work doesn't require much skill other than gluing pictures together, I occasionally use oil pastels for touch-ups. Oil pastels, if you're not familiar, are like fancy crayons. Most of the ones I require are browns, reds, and blacks, because dachshunds tend to have darker coats, though occasionally I have to deal with a dog that has lighter fur. Oil pastels are sold in sets, or singularly, at my local art store.

Recently, while stocking up on oil pastels, I noticed that the inventory at the lighter end of the spectrum seemed a little underrepresented. On the other hand, there were dozens of options in the fully stocked brown section: beautiful ochers, supple tans, rich cocoas, deep chocolates, brunettes, sepias, mahoganies, umbers, caramels, chestnuts, coffees, ambers—every shade of brown imaginable. But on the paler side there was only white and beige. It was the same with the sets: lots of browns, very few whites.

My first thought was, *No wonder white people are so fucking scared. Brown crayons are taking over the world!* And then I laughed because it's true: The crayon section at my art store had inadvertently created a visual representation of the future of America, and indeed the world. I wanted to share my analogy,

but there was no one around. So instead I had an imaginary conversation with an imaginary art-store employee named Empedocles. Empedocles is a very intelligent and handsome young man, though I disagree strongly with his man-bun.

Here's a transcript of our conversation:

EMPEDOCLES: Hello sir. Can I help you with anything?

DAVE: Yes. I'm a fan of white crayons, but I notice they're being outnumbered by all these brown crayons. Is there some sort of conspiracy where crayon manufacturers are trying to force us to employ brown crayons in our art?

EMPEDOCLES: I don't know. We don't make the crayons, we just sell them. But we are, after all, a world culture, and with the spread of globalization, immigration, cultural diffusion, etc., humanity is, to put it bluntly, getting browner. One could even argue that global warming is causing the environment to take on a browner hue. The white race may be the majority in America right now, one of the few places in the world where it still is, but it wasn't the majority in the recent past, and it won't be in the near future. The U.S. Census Bureau reports, in a very conservative estimate, that by 2042, America will no longer be a white majority. So perhaps artists working within the mimetic tradition require more brown crayons for their work, and crayon manufacturers are simply responding? Again, I don't really know, but as you alluded, there are a lot of fans of pale-colored crayons who are upset by the recent influx of brown crayons, and they are



PANTONE 7415



PANTONE 7525



PANTONE 698

THE CRAYON SECTION AT MY ART STORE INADVERTENTLY CREATED A VISUAL REPRESENTATION OF THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

resisting the inevitable by wishing they could go back to a time when everything was made with white crayons. Is there anything else I can help you with?

DAVE: No, that's all, Empedocles—cool name, by the way. I'm just going to grab a white crayon and a brown crayon and go home and make a mess. Thank you.

End of imaginary transcription.

When I got home with my new crayons, I began making a mess and I discovered something very interesting: When I applied a pale crayon to a collage that was comprised predominantly of darker colors, the crayon looked brighter. Whereas when I applied the same pale crayon to a collage that was lighter, the crayon appeared darker.


This, of course, is not a discovery; it's an effect we've known all along called "simultaneous contrast": colors appear different depending on their relation to adjacent colors. A neutral pale color will appear lighter or darker than it does in isolation when simultaneously compared to, respectively, a darker or lighter field. On the top of the previous page is a digital re-creation of what I was seeing with my crayons.

The small square in the center of the two larger squares is the exact same color: Pantone 7415. (I realize there are going to be those who refuse to believe that the center square is the same color in both instances, but I'm choosing to ignore them.) What's interesting here is that all three colors represented are a

bastardized, iStock rip-off version of a project called "Humanae," by Brazilian artist Angélica Dass, who aims to create an inventory of skin tones using Pantone color swatches derived from portraits she's taken of people around the world. The middle square, Pantone 7415, is the approximate skin color of a white, middle-aged, blue-eyed blonde woman—the Aryan ideal, essentially.

The colors in the squares that surround Miss 7415 come from the portraits of two other individuals. The brown color in the outside square on the left is taken from a handsome, bald black man whose skin most closely resembles Pantone 7525. And the pale outside square on the right is the skin color of an older white woman who also has blue eyes and blonde hair: Pantone 698.

Now look at how much different Miss 7415 appears depending on the color she is surrounded by. On the left, where she's being embraced by a handsome, dark hunk o' chocolate, she looks bright and cheery—glowing even. But then, on the right, when you encase her with a pale hue that is not unlike her own, she loses a lot of her excitement and appears drab, grayish, and sorta blah. I don't know about you, but I prefer the way that Pantone 7415 looks with the square on the left.

The conclusion I arrived at from this demonstration is that paler crayons can benefit from the contrast provided by brown crayons, and vice versa. The contrast helps to create art that is more beautiful, vibrant, and colorful. Who wouldn't want that? 

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